

THE FIELD OF THE
HIDDEN TREASURE

SARAH CROSSE



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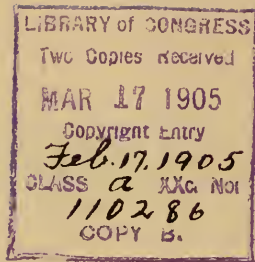
THE FIELD
OF THE
HIDDEN TREASURE

BY
SARAH CROSSE



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“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found, and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.”

—*Matthew 13 : 44.*

TO
E. C. R. AND G. P.,
TWO ANGELS WALKING IN
THE GARDEN WITH SPIRIT,
AND WALKING WITH
THEIR BELOVED HERE.

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

I

THE vagueness which environs a long-departed age leaves the mind of the present generation obscure regarding the personality of a Homer. Nevertheless, the higher criticism of the present age, arguing whether the work should be attributed to a single man whose genius rhapsodized his lays so impressively, so passionately, that they clung to the listening ear a rhythmic, entrancing fancy, or depicts the composite fancies of several men instead, having been finally gathered by some appreciative, poetic soul, and accredited to the visionary measure of a single heart, does not greatly interfere with the pleasure one has in reviewing the lines of either the Iliad or the Odyssey. For we all believe that an æonian ravage dooms all personality to either effacement or doubtful remembrance. The mere matter of a lesser extended remoteness by a few hundred years surely has nothing to do with this significant fact that Jesus of Nazareth retains, on the contrary, the embodiment of the present day Christ in all its demonstrableness for all who

learn of his Nature from his works. It would be, none the less, as impossible to write the story of his life truly as to tell the story of Homer — man or men. No one has succeeded in doing this satisfactorily to others, and those who have tried to do so have not probably found their efforts self-convincing; have not found in their results the true heart-finish that they would so gladly have given, simply because they failed to interpret his life as spiritually as it was in their soul to do. We may speak of his work, or of his teaching, but whenever any one attempts to portray his life as that of an historical personage with the weakness due to engrossing human characteristics, nearly every reader will feel that the writer had not the key to his life, or else that the limitations of the human language made it impossible to give the spiritual glow to what Jesus was in himself, in his blessed individuality. For himself, we note, he effaced every possible personal distinction by absorbing himself in the Father.

We can any of us easily feel his presence in our midst to-day, although probably no one ever attempts to depict within the confines of his imagination the sartorial effect of the Christ in modern custom-made clothes—even though claiming that Jesus was human, and, because of his humanity, a great comfort to man. One can

never so picture his Christ: for the embodiment of one's Christ is of permanent concreteness, is of imperishable substance. But the spiritual absorption of Jesus is felt, and the mantle of the Holy One becomes the radiating Essence of the ever-living Christ. Surely to feel this spiritual absorption raises one from the abysmal depths of despair, of helplessness, of want, of suffering, to the Light-centre of true Thought, whence the living world is manifesting itself in the gladness and thanksgiving of a consciously abundant Being. For merely to exist on the outside of things is not the same as to live consciously within the Holy Centre of Being whence Love irradiates its World. The living delight coming from a close intercommunion with Jesus the Christ is indescribable, although one should surely feel that it is always flowing, a heavenly rapture, through the Soul of the Universe, through all Nature, and so always flowing as one's own happy response to the irresistible Atmosphere of Christ, since one's own perception of this Atmosphere, and one's own consciousness of its ever-abiding Presence evoke and permanently substance it for him. It is in this way, surely, that one perceives Life as Christ—Spirit—in everything that hath been made.

II

AS one's perception of the Christ effaces the barriers of intervening centuries, so it brings the incidents of the Last Supper to a point for a clearer spiritual focussing. It was a solemn occasion. The Master was rounding his teaching for his great demonstration. Whatever he said to his disciples we really cherish as advice to us, even when we are loth to admit that some charge has a special significance for us, reasoning that, because of our innocence or our ignorance, or because of the spirituality of our purpose which makes every intention divine, it need not apply to us, since, although we may fall far short of perfecting our purpose, we are yet confident that the Spirit is blessing our effort, and that the work we are trying to do will know its completeness whenever it is ready. For we have learned that there is nothing with which we are dealing—with which we have, perhaps, unconsciously to deal—which should not respond from its true knowledge of Being spontaneously. There is one charge, however, that the human soul interprets as an accusation: "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Yet as Wisdom through man's diviner sense enlightens one to a completer, a more intelligent, knowledge of Jesus' purpose and work, the pitiful estimate of a human Jesus vanishes without

leaving a temptation either to condemn or to condone a miserably human Judas, which temptation, while it lasts, obviously undermines one's truer estimate of Christ. That the betrayal was nefarious in itself, one necessarily admits. There is, moreover, the conviction, humanly inborn, that the penalty for the betrayal of Christ is, after all, one's unconsciousness of Self, or rather an ignorance, brought to pass by an unwise investment of this Self in human life. Certainly the manner of paying the penalty has evoked, either consciously or unconsciously, an unceasing argument concerning Life.

The response to this charge was precisely the same from each of the disciples, "Is it I?" Few, indeed, are they who do not, more spontaneously than they are aware, fit themselves to this phrase of judgment. "Is it I?" or, "It is not I!" is the question or disclaimer, although the question, honestly asked of one's self, helps one far more than the disclaimer, since to excuse one's self is practically to accuse this self. But he who honestly questions receives the answer as his own soul's verdict. He then looks upon the old world of good intentions frustrated, and upon the old self as though it were the citizen of Dreamland, but sees nothing in any of it which reminds him in any way of the just measure of himself. Deprived of the intelligence where-with he had invested it, the old imperception of self is no longer an accusation, although later he

learns that what seemed a winnowing process, during hours of great apparent suffering, when the chaff went into the flames for burning, was a work of more positive value than he then knew. The individual was spiritualizing his thought, but the incongruousness of things was entirely fictive. Life had never been stated in such dreadful nasal tones. The truly cosmic Atmosphere reveals things as they are: naked facts without a single fig-leaf — facts not concealed by so much as a transparency.

III

EARLIER in the disciples' story of their journey with the Master, it is a matter of simple record that he spoke to the multitudes in parables, and that his disciples "followed him into the house" that he might explain the meaning of words which were mystical to them. Their idea of Heaven had doubtless associated itself with every conceivable human grandeur and magnificence, but he had likened Heaven to the simple incidents of life, to the power which might be seen and felt in their daily walks and works, although some of his parables had been given to illustrate the carelessness of men as shown by their utter disregard of a truly spiritual service; a service which, if voluntarily continued, would lead them to the spontaneous expression of their spiritual Nature, solely through their compre-

hension of it as Universal Nature. He explained these parables simply enough to his disciples, although to us who have had the informing mind of the centuries instructing us, they appear simple enough in their wording as they passed from his lips to the eager hearing of the people gathered for his inspiring word. But we know from experience how earnest a real student is in his desire to get all that is essential from a lesson, and how he expects his teacher to strain and sift the teacher's own inmost thought in behalf of the student's comprehension, and, particularly, can we of this day appreciate this pursuit of the disciples as it has brought to us also the parables which followed his explanation.

There is a proverb which reads, "Whose bread I have, his song I sing." And this first Parable to his disciples, which follows his interpretation of the previous parables to the people massed to hear him, is to him who construes it happily, and so construes it with a constant interest, that bread indeed which retains its stimulus for him who perceives its meaning, so that his whole life becomes to him a song for the One whose ever-sustaining hand supplies him with this Bread which never gets stale from age, nor gets unseasonable to one's taste.

For this Parable is not the vagarious production of a mystic enwrapped in his fancy. One can instantly perceive the spontaneity of a thought clothed with Wisdom, and, moreover, perceive that this

thought itself is Wisdom's vehicle of expression. Read, then, this Parable, and may you have that inward peace which surely comes to him who lives its meaning from his soul, so to interpret his life — all life — divinely. For herein is the promise which, understood, carries the Christ fulfilment for us.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found and hid: and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.”

The Gospel narrative does not say that each man questioned concerning this man of the Parable, “Is it I?” Certainly it was not because of any diffidence, or because of any sense of humility; it was not because of any modest self-shrinking, since none of them would have refused seats in the Kingdom beside the Christ, nor was it because of any disbelief in their natural power, that they failed to inquire, each for himself, if this man was present in their midst. Probably no such question shaped itself, because they perfectly well knew that each man was to be this very man to himself, the man who was to do the whole work singly in himself, although the work of self-comprehension was to be finished in the single Field of Thought for all; to be finished as that self-comprehension which should express itself as the Divine Unit, and so express itself with the conscious Might of the Heavenly Will. It is not probable that the disciples found

any analogy between this Parable and the charge at the Last Supper. Still, this accusation must have been an antithetic reminder of all that this Parable had implied.

That this Treasure was absolute in itself, one understands. That it was before man was appears from the rendering of the Parable, and that the previous character of man was indeterminate also appears. That a man found this Treasure would show that he had first lost it, that he had forgotten it, or that, for a season at least, had been oblivious to its worth. Yet there it was already in the Field, which we understand the giver of the Parable to have regarded as the Field of Thought. As I understand it, this treasuring should be regarded as the individual treasuring of one's conscious divinity.

IV

IS there anything so obviously hidden as Truth appears within that which one calls his soul, his heart, his mind, until the beautiful day comes when he most ardently desires to live its Life truly, be its exponent in all things, acknowledge it as his Creator, as his living inspiration, be to it its child? And thus it becomes the only passion of his life. He seeks it for its revelation. He adores it with his returning love. Now its Life is his responsive

breath. Now its Being is his heart's pulsation. Now its Power is manifesting itself through him as his exhaustless strength. Now its Intelligence is to him Wisdom directing his life, that Wisdom in which he absolutely trusts. And now its Soul is the Heaven within him. His trust in it is, whether he appear waking or sleeping, his always conscious prayer, because of this trust's wakeful spontaneity.

But until this day of constant trust comes, this day of an ardently engrossing spiritual desire, this day of a fervid heart, and so of a passion that lights all companionship for him with the glow of Spirit's eternal light, there have doubtless been many days of sad experiences during which he has, at intervals, prayed to this Truth as to the Lord of his soul, and during which he has poured his soul out in feverish periods of desire for that Power to manifest itself which would help either himself or another whom he loves with tenderest affection, as nothing else could help. Yet these days of importunate woe had added themselves to many days of varying forceful import, until he had come to a day when he was not sure within himself whether Spirit had ever opened its succoring love to him; whether he had really so trusted Heaven as to feel its Power exercised in his behalf, or matters had eased themselves on their own account. Thus has he come to the day of spiritual accounting to himself. For the crucial hour came like a thief in the night, and found him

not watching the Presence within his soul ; he was not, therefore, self-protected, did not have that in his thought which prevented a marauding fear either for himself or for another dearer than himself, although he had been dimly aware that certain afflictive consequences pursued his days until life seemed inwardly a perpetual conflict ; until he felt that all he had was that which he had brought a stranger to this phase of being—to which he had only added the unhallowed knowledge of evil—while he now stood before the gate of another phase very doubtful of its favor. He tried to see some light within his human soul, but found only a Stygian darkness, from which no heavenly Voice greeted him with its divine comforting ; his theology, a dead letter, had no illumining ray. Previously there had been seasons when he had presumed to be somewhat self-assertive respecting what stood him for faith. He now realizes his former presumption, and knows that a kind of faith, which could be so conveniently relegated to oblivion in less exigent moments, could never be summoned as a substitute for Knowledge in an hour apparently bereft of everything sound and good. If, however, he did not find in dogma that for which he was seeking, in his despair he feels the quickening knowledge that he is standing before the door of his real thought. Can he enter in to take possession of what should be consciously his ? Is this door open or closed ? What was this

Being which came with him as himself? What now is its consistency? One is sometimes very curious about himself. Still he reasons that this self could not have been causeless, although it has seemed to him to have needed protection from the very moment when he became its guardian and sponsor. It has been this self, surely, which has responded to his happiness, and which, alas, has known suffering through him. Why there should have been any response to happiness at all is a mystery, but why the suffering should have obtained is obvious. For the uncertainty of one's happiness accounts for the latter condition partially; yet one rightly believes that suffering often results directly from harvesting a crop from seeds sown by his own unwisdom, but oftener results from the sad fruitage of some seed sown and germinated æons ago, for which sowing, however, the individual ignorantly declares himself irresponsible, although it is now self-assertively springing forth in the form of disease, of criminal fancies that seem to urge him to deeds that his soul loathes, to habits which the most earnest protesting against will not dissuade and despatch, and which the will seems unable to rout even by a determined siege. His self, therefore, appears as a double consciousness, or at least two-sided, neither side of which proves trustworthy, as each always requires the other to continue a conflict which never results in absolute peace.

So the moment comes when endurance seems at an end ; when the will to battle with propensities, which come trooping each for predominance, seems strengthless ; when life obviously has not unfolded anything towards perfecting its earlier promise. The dust from life's battle has tainted and obstructed Heaven's breath in one's nostrils. At least so one has despairingly believed. And often has one said that life is not worth living at such a price. There had doubtless been, for a too brief moment, an apparent suspension of hostilities, which could scarcely be regarded even as an armistice ; but of peace, real peace, without some reminder of a truce suggestive of a resumption of conflict, has there ever been such a moment ? Even of the self, could anything positive be told ? That it had being, that it has being, that it is not all a dream, some terrifying nightmare at times, one has, perhaps, occasionally affirmed for his faith's sake, or, perhaps, rather for the sake of an appearance of faith ; and often has one presumptuously affirmed with a self-conscious piety that, as his life has a beginning here, it must also have a hereafter — illogical reasoning, surely. Yet from such an inner premise one has reached no positively satisfactory inner conclusion. So the years have gone with their periods of stress and unrest, although with possibly less urgent days intervening. By stimulating with the excitement of venture, alternating with seasons of enforced sloth,

the surface tone of life has been somehow maintained, despite a grumbling undertone, but, except during the oblivious hours, one has always known that torrent of argument within which no effort of the human will can ever prevent. This argument has had an unholy monopoly of his hearing, so to paralyze his natural spontaneity as to have fettered his hand that it failed his best; so to tie his tongue as to have prevented its delivering itself of the heavenly Word intelligently. This argument has seemed to benumb his faculties so that the Word has missed its definiteness in his life; so that it has always seemed expressing itself just beyond the boundary-line set by this infernal argument, the Word that one believes, despite all this reasoning, has a circumference of its own which should be visible; the Word which one believes should be heard, —even more, believes should be tangible.

V

DOUBTLESS there had been many days of wandering while one occasionally saw Truth as in a mirror darkly, but now he would efface all that which had so veiled his vision as to prevent a sustained viewpoint, as to obscure a glorious perspective. He would now see the glory of the Spirit with his transfigured sense imaging the selfsame glory. So although he had slept and risen night and day to the

dream of a life indefinite, and therefore uncertain, yet this crucial day of his dream brings him to the comfort and happiness of the wakeful knowledge that he has already known precisely how the reality of Life would flower within his consciousness whenever he would willingly turn his whole heart to the Husbandman for the spiritual nourishing of Life. For he now understands clearly that what had hitherto seemed the battle-ground of a dual consciousness, contracting his mentality within narrow lines, the limitations of which he had declared impassable, was merely an illusion of contradictory senses, each corroborating one's own evidence of the instability of all things, while these senses were likewise an illusion, a figment of fancy — fortunately of fancy uncreate.

But this day which always should have been consciously his own, the day to which he has preferably allowed suffering to drive him, since it could always have been happily his, this beautiful day is now really his — both now and forever his very own — this glorious day which shows him something of the splendor of the true Field of Thought. For here is the Field, the shining Field, containing the entire Treasure of Life, which he must surely possess, must really make wholly his own. That this is no chimera he absolutely knows. But he must secure it whole to himself. Moreover, he knows that he must keep his vision untarnished by

fancy so that this Treasure shall always fill his perspective with its radiance. So he hides it in the Field where it belongs : *for he cannot take it away!* It is as though it would not bear transplanting into a field of fancy. From the first moment of his discovery he has had a dim idea why this transplanting cannot be done. He, moreover, is quite aware that, until he has fully paid for this Treasure, it will be at least partially concealed by him. None the less, he has it now to enjoy. Its wealth is his to use for the absolute good of Life to-day, for him to expend in deeds of heavenly love, for him to pay for the redemption of truest friendship, and for the further acquisition of this blessed Knowledge. It is, moreover, his to use in payment for the Field. Now his efforts are hallowed ; he knows them to be holy, and, therefore, blameless, for his acquisition proves the Heaven within : will prove itself his ever true Consciousness. For this Treasure in the Field, from the first moment of enlightenment, he has known to be Spirit's imagery, that he had believed lost to him, lost to man, from the creation of the world ; but he is now acquainting himself with it as the Holy Selfhood, the Immortal Being, of every one.

VI

ONE may call this Treasure Christ. One may call it Spirit's Nature in man, assert it as the only Nature to manifest, even assert it as the only Nature

manifested, but the true Self will never be understood merely by its classification, merely by calling it names. An abstraction will not buy the Bread of Life; nor will it quicken one into that divine comprehension of one's Nature which is the baptism of Christ, the Soul's real christening. The Treasure in the Field is hidden with Christ in God, so its safety is insured. It will not pay the wage of a mercenary for personal striving, but will so illumine the inner sense that one can stay conscious of the amplitude of the Power within, which is his to use on all occasions. For never will this Treasure betray one by any lack of worth, by any weakness of character in return for one's trust; nor can it be betrayed in its individuality, in its integrity, by the defaulting of men and women. Although it cannot be transplanted from its native Field into the semblance of a field, it can yet so radiate itself as to fill the entire range of one's vision, even so fill one's vision that he will not believe it to be concealed from others.

So towards the possession of this Field one will gladly give everything one has—even one's best-loved. One can withhold nothing—not even his old sense of life. Yet the price to be paid may seem but slowly earned. Even when one feels that he can surely call this Field his own, he will, perhaps, believe it somewhat difficult to convince others that his Field really exists, or that it can consciously be

as much theirs as his. This is when one is entering into the established sense of pure Being, when one perceives the heavenly grandeur which fills all Being. One is often aware—too well aware—that his hand points but feebly to the Light this Treasure holds for every man, whereas he would have the written words persuasive, convincing, a spiritual stimulus for the soul of every creature. Yet he is also aware how unavailing self-reproach would prove. The way to a true self-comprehension cannot be opened to others through a delirium of their emotions by a form of hysteria in him. The affairs of one's own soul are—should be—composed according to the divine order of Being, if one would possess that poise which only can keep this Treasure one's very own always; if one is to have that happiness in one's self which is essential to one's unity with others within the happy communion of real Thought. One would not willingly have one's former conception of life a merely abeyant memory; one would, on the contrary, have all that was unnatural wholly effaced. From a previous experience one has thoroughly learned that one may stand before another as a mere negative representative of a certain race, or nation, with characteristics so impressed by the psychic qualities pertaining thereto that another, although of an alien race or nation, may accurately classify him at once, while he would immediately find himself possessed of the

same complimentary knowledge ; or, rather, this knowledge would be complimentary were it not for the racial and national egotism of each. All this might prove difficult to unlearn were he again to subject himself voluntarily to the repeated impressions of the old fanciful imagery ; but the price of his Treasure will prove elusive and so difficult to earn if he image else than divinity in his thought, this image which is the true likeness of the Christ, of God, in every man—even more, in every creature, as one now realizes—when each shall likewise comprehend what the true realization of Life includes. And with this last knowledge comes the finality, the full finish of his conviction. His Treasure is universal ; the Universe is all his own, since he is one with it—within the Divine Unit. It is his to enjoy infinitely. From it he derives strength, peace, rest, and that medicine which is for the healing of all nations and things. The elementary world ceases to exist ; the fundamental alone concerns him. For him there are no longer nations, principalities, or kingdoms, to congest his mentality with fancies, morbid, or tentatively pleasant. His previous false conception of life was never truly animated ; never had the real breath of Life, as Spirit had never pervaded it with the heavenly Intelligence, had never let the Light of Omniscience shine within it ; for the heavenly Spirit has never had any knowledge of its supposititious existence.

VII

ONE understands now why the Ear of Heaven had seemed so indifferent to all his pains and perplexities, although he had sometimes reverently tried to excuse its apparent preoccupation and inattention to his hourly needs by some totally inadequate formula for justifying the Almighty. Elisha's God neither slumbered nor slept, but one had sometimes suspected one's self of sacrificing before the altar of Baal. But now one is sure that it was he who was slumbering, and that the heavenly Spirit is not really the idol of dreams. One knows precisely how Truth's adherents keep their consciousness alight, waking or sleeping; one moreover knows that the living Soul of man never sleeps. It is an undebatable knowledge with one now that the pact of Life is to be kept within the individual; that one is even now individual — undivided in sense and power. One's Life one gladly knows to be the Spirit increate. What one has to be within one's self is this Spirit's response to its Own perfect Nature. This Nature only is what one is receiving throughout one's life; therefore is it precisely what one should be returning throughout Life. But this return does not doom one to a passive mentality. One has no occasion for striving, however; let one then lay down one's arms. But one does not lie down with one's arms. There is else to do than fighting.

Peace, heavenly Peace, hath its active office. To speak with its Voice necessarily needs the attuning of one's own soul to its divine harmony. This is the reverent service of Heaven's choir, the hosts' adoration of the Host here and now. And the price of this Treasure is to be paid constantly with the adoring presentment of one's self.

For one now there is the single interest in Life — the simple interest, indeed. Self-regard has become the universal regard. One's Treasure fills the whole Field. It is the Treasure with the Voice which really has the exclusive possession of every man's thought. Its divine sweetness is in every one's ear. It speaks the Word which is the Life of the Universal Soul. It is the utterance of the Mind which is self-existent. It is the Mind which bespeaks the hearing, the Mind which is both message and response in the World-in-visible; the beautiful World which forever abides within one's spiritual vision, and which images itself visibly as the Soul's embodiment through every man's perspective. And as one thus purchases with one's consecration one's true thought, one comprehends that this is the only Treasure of Life, since as the imagery of Spirit it reveals Life, real Life, through one and to one. Others may not appear to see one's possession, solely because they do not see it as their own; but one's knowledge of it as theirs will keep from one the inner reproach of being a

selfish egotist ; while one's efforts to help others to the selfsame knowledge will prevent the old argument from resuming its sway, suggested as it would surely be, were one not actively helpful, through every channel of service by those whose miserable condition is the result of a partial unconsciousness of this Treasure, which happily could be at once consciously theirs. Their apparently dim-lighted way one had once accepted as one's own, but now to one it has ceased to be the way through which any one has necessarily to struggle. In order to help others, one therefore cannot concede the point that the way to Truth through weakness and dissension is easier than the direct way, entered into immediately. Nevertheless, one must not compromise one's own integrity by a season of prevarication and equivocation with others. Neither their fancies nor any of one's own can touch one's interest to bewilder one with these fancies' assumption of power. One knows that one would prove neglectful of all others were one to hold less than an upright thought for a single friend ; or were one to yield indolently to a suggestion to spiritualize slowly, by temporizing frequently, while leading others to the clearly-lighted Field. Another may assume that he would preferably have this Light dawn slowly on his consciousness, but one soon learns that the native intelligence of the other is right along demanding that he shall not agree with another's weakness,

and that the other is ready to condemn him were he so to do. From one's own efforts one quickly learns that a slow progressiveness only increases suffering. This was also noted before his day :

“Consult thy knowledge, that decides
That as each thing to more perfection grows,
It feels more sensibly both good and bad.”

More than this, one has learned that one is absolutely responsible for this Treasure in every one, in everything, and that if one were to conceal it from men in themselves, one would then be hiding one's self from the Christ in God. Therefore, not in this manner does one willingly compromise one's integrity so to obscure for one's self one's title to this Field of Thought. One's Treasure will always be to one that single viewpoint which must be to one Absolute Truth itself, whence one then can see only the Divine Light shining in others. So one must not permit the derision, the indifference, the reluctant efforts, of others, to affect the directness of one's own course.

Otherwise, throughout the World of Appearances would one hear a voice hawking the price of memories to be paid for with blood and tears ; of a Phlegthen clamoring for its effacement in a Lethe. So one must be true to the perfect vision of Life, hear only the Voice proclaiming the integrity of the increate, and therefore indestructible, in all that hath

been made. In every individual, in every sign of Life, one can so transfigure one's sight that it will clearly see that which has hitherto appeared unseen, and thus unseen because concealed by the uncreate fancies, often appearing as miscreate. One can feel the Spirit of the heavenly hosts pulsating with love through the heart of this Spirit's World. One can hear the Word of the Spirit of the hosts breathing itself through all. So one is conscious of living in an atmosphere which restores every valley and every mountain to its normal plane, which attracts the crookedly diverging mentality to its straight course, and which is quickening man—the angel—forever, despite his inconstancy, to the spiritual desire of Life, while it is giving him free access to all that is blessed.

VIII

ONE takes possession of his Treasure provisionally at first, yet he does not conceal it because of any fear lest others shall wrest it from him. For although he would gladly interpret it to every one, it is, nevertheless, concealed until he has paid its price with the knowledge of the true Self, with the knowledge of the true Soul, which concealment will continue, at least partially, until he has put himself entirely into his acquisition of this knowledge of Spirit within himself. Perhaps one

will at first sadly note the difficulty one has in announcing his possession. One's language even conceals one's title to it, as it at first appears only able to translate a credited riddle of the soul in epigrams. So, although the whole Field of Thought is open to one, the Treasure of Self seems only weakly to appear. One is one's self aware that one is not presenting it in the fulness of its divinity, and so in its spiritual comeliness. The masque of personality, that one seems to wear, contradicts the beautiful individuality which one would have seen and felt instead. One's tongue and pen both seem restrained by a rebellious, an untutored, thought.

But when apart from the personality of others, one glories in one's thought aglow with the heavenly Light. For then one's thought wings itself, aware that it is carrying the Morning Star. One's thought thus covers the entire spiritual creation, carried as it is in the heavenly silence by the whole spiritual creation. The Spirit dwells herein, but to the spiritually conscious creation it is not so much a revelation of the Divine Selfhood as it is a spontaneous outburst of natural delight, a perpetual glorification of the hosts' embodiment in Light — Knowledge. One understands, without having any call to experimental knowledge derived from some germinating tests with bacteria, that the gates of the heavenly Field are wide open forever, while the Spirit is emanating itself as Light

— Omniscient Good — so that every thought is open to one, without any vagueness or concealment, and, therefore, without any diseased sense of life. And so one realizes the glory of the perfect Day, the last and only Day, of which the Spirit is the Light Everlasting.

Yet one learns that this Field of Thought will never be permanently his until one has united one's self with the hosts angelic, entitled to the same spiritual expression, to the same selfhood. One is not offered stairs by which to climb to glory. Just at first one's face shines transfigured by one's consciousness of the Light beaming through one, and one feels one's self transported to some spiritual height, whence one looks down upon the woes of men and their hapless ignorance of the Divine Presence dwelling within their common, single-day Soul. But along with one's truer vision has come an apparent sensitiveness of sight upon which is reflected the distorted views of man as one beholds their needs. It is as though a processional train of motives, disturbed by doubts, and despairing of any fixed place for demonstration, was trying to counterfeit Truth by presenting its unholy phenomena as real to one's inspection ; a sort of Satan, posing as apologetic, but inclined to approach nearer so to reinvest one with one's former apparently circumscribed knowledge of life, and so with an alien's claim of contested rights. So subtle is this claim of mentality that, unless one

trustfully keeps one's sight where the true Light is radiating, one will again feel the unholy flame therefrom scorching one's vitals. This is so subtle an invasion that it may overwhelm one through the affection of a friend, or from the assault of some foe, or from a vain self-complacency arising from a belief that one has found the ease of life in some occult fashion, an ease which shall never be wrested from one again. But if one is sincere in one's undertaking, one will not be easily discouraged, and will not, therefore, wait an instant to rehabilitate his point of view with its native spiritual radiance.

Perhaps the hardest experience is that which seems to place one at variance with one's friends. To many one has simply "gone daft"; is being temporarily influenced by some doctrine which is holding him in its irrational toils. They prefer to discuss futilities with him than to hear of what to him is the Light leading him to a perfect self-knowledge. One has no fellowship with their views, and perhaps believes that it would be far easier to submit to the ruling of the indolent human will than to give them the Absolute Word of God in return for their conventional phrases. One doubtless often bores them by his efforts in their behalf, and continues to bore them until their hour of conversion comes; a conversion due not so much to the form of presenting one's ideas, since one has felt his inability to express them properly, but due more to the ideas that one would so gladly have given them of Immu-

table Truth. The new convert invites the blessing of Heaven to himself. He fears no congestion from the Source of All-truth. And to this zealous one is given the Key of Heaven so that he shall find the hitherto seemingly closed doors of his thought springing open to Universal Nature, until he, too, shall be consciously overflowing with joy — even to the Scripture measure — filling the heavenly World with his delight. The new convert understands with ease. His receptiveness equals the angels' of Heaven, for it is of the same universality; it is the spiritual infinity wherein is all delight, although it is always self-contained. See to it, friends, that you hold delightfully fast to the newness of your conversion. Never wax old, or rather stale, in your mentality so that you shall feel dependent on the staff of formulas; so that you shall cast the pall of your ineffectiveness on the light of a newer convert. See to it that your soul enjoys its spiritual affluence, else while you are laboriously tithing mint, anise, and cummin, you shall see instead of your true mentality, with its joyous expression, only the shadow cast by the rags of an obvious spiritual poverty.

IX

A SUBJECT in which one has no interest bores one inexpressibly, and the friends who care only for the personal minutiae of daily events, whose

smiling outside perhaps covers only an unhealthy curiosity for the minutest diagnostics of hideous diseases, and of more hideous frailties, who spend the holy moment as votaries of Appearance, can only interest one, whose sense has wakened from a similar bondage to such enchantment, because of his desire to help them to their natural viewpoint from self-knowledge, whence they will desire to express only the thought that shall know itself sound and undefiled ; that shall know for itself its source in Spirit — its Source the Infinite Field of Thought. It will doubtless be expected of one that he shall take an active interest in all the threshing and winnowing processes of those for whom he is working, and that he shall critically enter into all their ethical and technical meandering. But into none of this can one enter if one would keep one's spiritual vision clear. Forthspringing will one's thought be if one keeps it constantly supplied from the Absolute Source by one's own happy consciousness of its abundance. But one should leave all others equally free to express themselves according to their will if one would keep his own consciousness of Truth intact. From the moment when man chose darkness, or partial light, rather than the full splendor of Spirit's eternal Light, has man assumed it to be his inalienable privilege to think always as he shall choose — to think or not to think, as he shall choose.

It is only whenever one is approached by another for the divine service, for which one's own soul should be spiritually baptized, that one has the right to say, "If you come to me to be helped through your mentality, then you must think with me." And whenever one has done all that another will permit him to do, if the latter shows a preference for some other way, one should leave him to his individual conception of spiritual guidance, and without questioning whither he is straying, and without taking his perhaps unsettling opinions in the least to heart. Moreover, this should all be done impersonally, so that no specific interest of one's own shall have a disturbing effect with one's friend, until this friend again appears, when there should be no remembrance of previous lesions to raise a single doubt concerning the stability of one's friend's spiritual purpose, whether it shall stay resolved long enough to carry one's own spiritual work effectively in the other if one perseveres. While one is permitting himself to invade personally the thought of others with a disturbing interest, it helps to keep the ages-old problem anent the forgiveness of sin as an inner argument in one's life. And while one persists in so doing one is made sadly aware that his soul is eluding him rather than evading its price for the Field of Treasure. For although one understands that the price of this Field is to be paid with one's selfhood, one also understands that

it can only be paid by one's consciousness of one's own absolutely poised unity with everything that hath been made. One, therefore, does one's work faithfully with others so that one's Treasure shall no longer appear buried from one's own sight or from the sight of others, but shall be the inner and outer revelation of man's real Being to one's self and so to all a revelation of Truth.

THE INDWELLING REMINDER.

I.

IN one of Turgéneff's poems in prose, he used a figure by no means new, but used it with graphic power. I refer to the figure used to represent the invisible power of holiness symbolized by church and cross. This poem tells of one who remembers an early legend, the story of a Greek ship sailing the Ægean Sea in the first century after the birth of Jesus. A voice had said to the steersman, "When you pass by the island, call with a loud voice, 'Great Pan is dead!'" This the astonished and frightened man did, when from this tenantless island arose sobbing and groaning, and moaning cries: "He is dead: great Pan is dead." The one who remembered this legend was standing at the foot of a beautifully wooded chain of mountains; the sunbeams were playing on their summits, and a lovely verdure concealed swift running brooks, but not their murmuring. He felt that he, too, must call out something, but could not think of death. "He has risen: great Pan has risen!" was his cry. Then this marvellous thing happened: he heard a joyous prattling, and ringing laughter.

There was the answering cry from youthful voices, "He has risen: Pan has risen!" The happiness that he had just felt in the world before him was emphasized until it became bacchanalian. And hastening down from the heights to the valleys were nymphs, dryads, and bacchantes, all led by the goddess Diana, the stateliest, most beautiful of all, with her bow and quiver, and the silver crescent moon on her curls, — so unlike Isis, with her feet on the crescent moon, and the very antithesis of Mary, the mother of Jesus, with her thought transfigured beyond the limitations of dreams. But the goddess stops suddenly; the ringing Olympian laughter ceases. With terrified gaze these votaries of Pan view the sign of Christ reflected by a golden cross on a church steeple. There was a trembling sigh, and all had disappeared. There was only the forest-covered mountains through which shimmered a gleam of white.

This inspiring motive may have served but transiently to nullify the apparent power of evil, so to brighten the theme whether of song or story, yet has it lingered in the thought long after the theme has been forgotten. Even the one who, in the hurry and bustle of what he calls his practical life, would deprive Jesus of his divinity, lets his thought occasionally linger enlivened by some inner reminder of what the power of holiness may be like. Men may scoff at their fellows who are paying the soul's

tribute to Christ. There may be charges of both hypocrisy and superstition included in the scoffing, while this scoffing may arise from a more or less sincere disbelief in the faithfulness of those whose heart's desire, however, is to be true worshippers. Unhappily, too frequently the charge is more or less deserved by the individual worshipper, but there is neither a scoffer nor a worshipper who does not have an occasional moment of honest turning to the In-visible which seems to hold the living Presence of the One whose love is unlike earthly love, whose power, moreover, is believed incontrovertible, whatever the trend of man's selfish communion, although it is too often misapprehended by the one seeking its blessing.

The One has been given many names, is diversely attributed by the different races of men, yet the Sign of the In-visible inspires every one with the same desire — although this desire appear but a fleeting hope — to enjoy its embracing care. Unfortunately, the encircling love of this One is too often believed unable to reach far enough to cover adequately one's daily needs. Men claim to be in the world and necessarily of it. The example of Jesus' life is, therefore, set aside because of its present impracticability, even by those who profess his life to be to them the exclusive example to follow, while claiming that business interests, ill-health, and the minor phases of an evidently improvident destiny

prevent their enshrining the Christ in their life as they would preferably do. It certainly must be admitted that a man cannot efface the world at his will, although it be no more to him than a reminder of Christian's burden. It, moreover, may appear to one as the too familiar semblance of a nature so irresponsible to his needs as to seem either oblivious of his interest or powerless to aid him, while the sighing and moaning, the excitement and rigors, resulting from the sapping of one's faith by fears, are only partially counteracted by the lukewarmness, and, therefore, the feebleness, of his own interest in real life. This interest thus fails to touch the vital point, while one substitutes instead an effort at struggling for endurance. The individual then probably excuses himself for his mental apostasy by saying that the life of Jesus is impracticable here, to-day, and that it will be possible to live the Christ-life only in some heavenly land, where the cares of this life cannot tempt one to falter. Something like this form of reasoning one will probably offer himself to excuse his failure, while overlooking the important fact that Jesus came to teach man how to live the Christ-life here, now, and that he would not have found it necessary to come to teach man here how to live in a future condition of being when such teaching would be superfluous.

II

PERHAPS one is tortured by remorse when retrospectively viewing the mistakes irretrievably made, as he believes, mistakes which, when made, appeared uncontrollable by him, although later he charged them to his own heedlessness, impulsiveness — selfishness. Yet these mistakes had seemed to influence all his later life, until finally he had allowed himself to become the partly-alive victim of a superstitious belief in a fateful form of government which ruled with a special personal antagonism against him. The forces which had then arrayed themselves against him had worked, or so he later believes, with such a concurrent effort, had so dovetailed their material as to prove the superiority of some intellect promoting, engineering, the result which had destroyed the charm of life for him, — his trust in others, and his delight in himself. The indirection of his own earlier purpose, he sorrowfully admits. He had been personally self-seeking, but was not such a course justifiable? Should not every one look after that which is germane to his individual interest since there is obviously no specific guardianship of gods? But since those days, for which his conscience, and very likely his self-respect also, has reproached him, he has endured from day to day the struggle for existence, yet is still desirous of continuing this existence, although aware

within himself that sometime, somewhere, he has neglected an opportunity, has forged ahead of, or else dropped behind, the goal of rightness. This sort of inner reasoning occupies the attention of even our young children, and maturity usually intensifies its morbidness. "I could have done better," an inner voice admonishes, while a depressingly introspective ego awaits the final decree of fate as the catastrophe of one's life. Yet nearly every one believes in extenuating circumstances. And nearly every one is just enough to the life he bears — although he bears it as a reproachful judge — to know that he was subordinate to, rather than master of, the conditions he had encountered, doubtless believing it might be honestly claimed that any other weakling would have fallen precisely as he fell.

But there are other extenuating circumstances of which he in his mortal ignorance is probably unaware, circumstances, however, that would never appear as such were it not for one's spiritual sluggishness. The same ignorance that has made him unaware of his true environment, and also unaware of that which is taking place in himself, has, as it were, enveloped him in a mist which leaves him only a contracting boundary-line for his mental horizon, this sense of limitation so obscuring his view as to prevent his seeing not only the real things of Life, but also to prevent his noting the processes by which his thought appears involved with the

thought of others, who appear similarly enveloped in fancies, instead of being clothed with that radiance from the divine knowledge of life which the living Truth reveals as sufficient to light one's way joyously, and to supply adequately every need. Because of this ignorance, therefore, one does not know that those who are not self-forgiven in other worlds are not self-forgiven in the world to come until they shall have entered into the Christ-life; and because of this one does not know that these many apparent worlds are as a unit with this world to every man, in what passes for a subliminal consciousness, and that there are groups of creatures ready to involve themselves further with him as their exponent in this world while he continues to permit a mental instability to be his misrule. And because of this ignorance, one believes that his inmost life is being lived as fully as it is possible to live this life here, and that no other phase of life has a single claim upon him while he is absorbed in this; and so, apparently, one does not know that while he may, in his desire for the real, morally reject the present inherent selfish power of all that appears satanical from his life, or reject it at least so far as his implied limitations permit him to act, there will, nevertheless, be the weight of its obsession as qualities of what appears to him as an adverse mentality, to rule him inevitably through his channels of mechanical or intellectual effort. All

the distorted fancies, for which a man's mentality so often seems capable of expression, will then appear as so many forces of will-power, using his channels for manifesting their own will, solely because he keeps himself open to the dominion of what would be to a worldly common-sense reasoning some horrible phase of sorcery, of either a suspected or an unsuspected inner form of necromancy.

III

NOW it may be questioned whether the knowledge of such an apparent combination of forces is necessary for the safeguarding of one's mentality, necessary for the maintaining of one's integrity, and so for the promotion of one's well-being. Certainly the bare knowledge of such an enslavement by dubious fancies would not relieve one very much, since one already knows that certain forms of fancy are always inimical to his interest if permitted; that is, the bare knowledge of details, or such knowledge as a whole, would not be essential, as, even then, all that one would be able to offer against such coercion would be the resistance of the human will, which would prove no support as a defence since it is under orders to, subjugated by, what appears an enthralling power. Therefore a knowledge of this subjugation, without the true knowledge, would never prevent one's proving himself as ready a vic-

tim as an entire ignorance of it would leave him. For in what has been termed the subliminal consciousness of every one, this is already known in every detail of such knowledge.

Now although such knowledge seems concealed in what also appears a field of thought, yet if one is regarding life from a human viewpoint, his draft upon life is being made, both subtly and obviously, upon just such a combination of forces as repels him when the confusing result becomes to him a sad blot upon his life, some shadow preventing happiness, a taint in his blood, a corroding canker in his fleshly soul, even while he feels his own moral record to be tolerably clear of intentional wrong-doing. These trooping fancies are what he seems unable to dispel, — the undesirable reminders of things which seem sorrowfully, fearfully, written in his flesh as penances, of which he believes that Death only can relieve him, although from some dread penance, he sometimes doubts Death's power to absolve him. But the pact of self, he reasons, has to be kept with self, and self is therefore the sacrifice demanded of him.

It certainly is not important to know that every temptation appearing to one is personal in the same manner to many other creatures, both among the seen and the unseen. It is not positively essential to one's happiness to know that he establishes a conditional basis of life for himself by passively

accepting a perverted form of communion with others, which is as false to their interest as to his own ; for the creatures which come looking for pleasure in the Valley of Desire, were he to know them self-analytically, could not help him in the least unless he were also to visualize the Sign of Spirit in every creature absolutely so as to visualize the form of presentation as the manifestation of Truth, the only manifestation instrumental for the good which is eternally embodied in all, thereby requiring the self-conscious response to Truth from every creature. When one does this, the mournful sighing, the fever and trembling, caused by burning, chilling, undesirable memories, will no longer be heard and felt. And then Mnemosyne shall have eternally vanished with the fancies she has brooded, and the whole Field of Thought shall be transfigured by the comprehension of how the heavenly Soul fills the moment within itself eternally as the divine Soul of All-being.

One will accordingly understand that every thought expressed, even to the expressing of that which passes as thought but without the evidence of its divinity, has some form resembling it, and that one should therefore translate every sign of life into a correct reading. The cross that was to mark the crucifixion hour should become solely the reminder of the Resurrection, while the Resurrection thus becomes to one that which restores one's soul to its

pristine divinity, now animated as one's thought surely is by the Spirit of Christ — by Spirit itself. For with this perfect animation comes the perfect comprehension that all Thought is divine, that Thought is all there is — can possibly be — of Divinity, and that to think divinely should be the conscious occupation of every one.

IV

STILL one is not to neglect his body, or to ignore utterly the story it tells of life. For no one is ever wholly dealing with mere appearances. One should know, however, that there is nothing so abstract as flesh, except an attempt at interpreting Spirit separated from its embodiment. For both the angelic seen and unseen, the Spirit works a vital whole. With just a glimmering of the Light as it dawns upon one's consciousness, this fact is shown in whatever constructs, conserves, the good that one would gladly keep forever, and Spirit is further shown as the Unit throughout the whole whenever one gathers his own thought to its perfect rendering as the united intelligence of all. The air that one then breathes is surely filled with sentient life — with thought — although not with the poisons of a fancy dooming its body to either a slow or a rapid decay. Instead, one is consciously unified with the imperishable, invariable Power which establishes

the Body of its creation eternally within itself, and therefore establishes that eternally within this conception which its creation is to manifest forever as the whole imagery of Spirit, increate.

Whatever one conceives of perfection in another becomes to him an additional help towards sustaining his own manifestation of all that is spiritually desirable, although perhaps the other has not responded favorably himself to the good so freely offered him. Now as no one has been sufficiently informed respecting the topography, geography, of the humanly mental realm to convince others that mere intellectuality is the whole of being, so no one has been able to assert positively enough to convince all that this world is not contiguous to, if not a unit with, other worlds within that realm which assumes mentality, and which therefore associates its creatures upon a basis founded by a sense of touch which results in a physical — forceful — rather than a spiritual — truly powerful — expression of being.

V

CERTAINLY a vast majority of the human race, led along the lines of such belief by the vaguest superstition, or by the perhaps more creditably informed subliminal intellect, believe in forms of demoniac leading, believe in the attendance of creatures from some realm invisible to them, from whom they turn

afraid, or to whom they turn for help. In order, however, to make the power, if desirable, more real, they often invest some shape with the attributes of sentiency ascribed to the invisible guardian, to which prefigurement they idolatrously turn to remind themselves of its substantial presence and power. A like fancy obtains with many, openly or secretly, but obtaining in a more and more æsthetic form, corresponding to the refining processes through which the personal human thought passes. Probably to-day it cannot be truly said of any one — even of one who is convinced of the present absolute rule of Life — that he is not more or less subject to some sort of government, which fancifully differs in degree only from that accepted by others, a government either imposed by himself, or enforced by another will than his own, thus helping to give the variety to the personal measure of being. But should there be one without some intimation of a like supervision, to be accepted as a personal leading, then this one will need to be unvaryingly watchful so that his sense of Truth shall not prove as abstract as are the abstractions of flesh, and therefore as little inspiring.

But returning to the statement that some are led by superstition, while others are perhaps more creditably informed by the subliminal intellect, it should be said that the latter is the steaming centre of all superstition. Indeed, as regards its affairs with

humanity, it should be spelled Monopoly, for this subliminal consciousness, as the soul and being of man, becomes to him a mentality quaking with fear ; a mentality superstitiously depending on admitted uncertainties for his better protection. This subliminal consciousness can, therefore, justly also be termed Superstition, and this form of address should reach the seat of war whence this claim of consciousness emerges with its troops arrayed against themselves as contrasting qualities, attitudinizing as thoughts, to wage their monstrous warfare within that appearance of a nature which man often preferably calls his own personal nature. All the grandeur, the majesty of the angel's strength, his sure possession from Heaven, seems, while one is apparently submitting to an unholy dispossession, only to be his to sustain him through the ages of suffering which must then ensue. One may believe, while what he terms Destiny is shaping him for some present test, that he is going from the land of Shapes to the land of Shades, but somehow he feels that, whether shape or shade, that which has been, and now is, will always be vital — perhaps will always be subjected to suffering.

VI

SHADELESS and shapeless both, one cannot believe himself doomed to be. Some inner admonition both warns and tenderly advises him that his sen-

tient being will never be lost through annihilation, but the human adaptability to suffering he greatly fears. Yet that it is the shade which casts the present shadow, he makes it labor to comprehend. Apparently, rather would he know who made the shade, how the darkness came with its attending shades, than to know that the Light is universal by keeping his own thought luminous ; than to know if he were to take his intelligence into his full keeping, take it whole, and keep it so by exercising it, that that which seems a shade, though not a transparency nor yet a vacuum, is really the place where Spirit has its abiding-place, and that it, — his shadowy, hazy, dozy mentality, or rather that which seems to him a thinking power which is partially crippled or dwarfed in its expression, although really holding something valuable but elusive, — would be peopled for him with a creation like himself, a people interdependent one with another, a people glad with the same gladness, united on a plane of thought so inspiring that each would possess within himself that which is meat in Truth, that which is drink in Truth, all of that which is an unfailing source of delight — the true well-being.

Do you think that with all this power fluent within one, — Power which does not seem even allied while the personal argument concerning life continues, — one should not gladly be consciously alert enough to work towards his intelligent uniting with

all on the true basis of Life? on that basis of agreement which results in the combined strength of the whole, for each to use in a rule for action that all would agree to be heavenly? Instead of which there has been permitted but a sort of unity based on argument, and on an argument culpably given to every sort of disagreement,—to disagreements which appear to reach the remotest section of combatants, and, alas, with their polarized centres in every heart.

VII

NEVERTHELESS, years of as faithful devotion as one chooses to give seem required for the comprehension that every shot fired at another, at others, is aimed from and at the heart of each individual; that there is neither sorrow nor deprivation suffered by any one alone; and that the demand for a peaceful laying down of arms throughout the earth's confines can result in nothing definite, even though the smoke of battle is withheld, until man, universal man, has more knowledge than he is at present obviously willing to enjoy — by receiving it through a life that accords with heavenly Knowledge — of the fact that it is unity instead of relativity whereupon Life is based.

The years which are so unprofitably spent in clamoring for such privileges as are classed among

the desirable but withheld, of which one believes one's self, perhaps, unrighteously dispossessed, had far better be abridged of that exercise, and the days spent actively in acquiring that understanding which will restore to one one's lost confidence in the Power within him which belongs in its entirety to all others as well as to one's self. It is by means of such devotion to the absolute intelligence of the Spirit within him that one learns precisely how asking and receiving are the same in effect; how one names one's blessings with a gratitude that had not been quickened into expression heretofore solely because of the sluggishness of one's spiritual desire,—a gratitude, a rejoicing, a thanksgiving, a gladness, which breathes its breath of Life through the Infinite Breath of Life spontaneously now, while unconscious that it is gratitude, but knowing itself as the Song of Life, as Spirit itself fully occupied with Prayer.

Ostentatiously man asks for peace. He orders it ostensibly as a rule between nations, yet, evidently, as a rule to be observed only so far as mere externals go. He asks that muscles shall be restrained from giving death-dealing effects, while he leaves the greatest muscle of all, the human heart, beating with antagonism against itself, against all whom it supplies with blood. And is there no power on earth or in Heaven to overrule this pulsating antagonism which fills with its fiery flux the veins of men, yes, even more, which fills the

heavens, the earth, the sea, with rancor from its service? For it seems both servant and lord. Indeed there is. There is the Mind of the Universe — Universal Mind — infusing its blood, its heavenly vitality, through every soul, through everything that hath been made, with the Almightiness of true Self-love; infusing its very Selfhood, the gracious blessing of every one when it is once comprehended. And whenever it is comprehended will cease for men those differential estimates of being, of power, of caste, of health, of wealth, of education, of refinement, of opportunism, that differential estimate which is always challenging the human soul to come out from its kind, and strut a little harder for the sake of obtaining some leadership in an already hard-pushed race.

There are indeed shows of bravery to be seen. Unenlightened savagery has not given birth to the only stoics, some of whom seem unconsciously to have adopted the sentiment of these lines for their motto : —

“ And in what place soe’er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance.”

It is indeed a brave action for one to undertake a phase of life at all, handicapped as every infant appears from the start; or at least it would be if one were not obliged to continue some form of being,

since Life itself is eternal in one. For those who believe that Life begins its office here in a little round of existence, there might certainly be felt qualms of conscience to alloy the pleasure of receiving a little one, who will, according to their sincere belief, always be not only subjected to some of the failings of humanity, but also directly to the diseases and infirmities of its parents, while from atavism there will possibly be both mental and moral infirmities which the parents believe that they have fortunately escaped. Non-essential queasiness, under such circumstances, might not appear the hardest thing to bear to those expectant mothers who are unaware that they should be occupied with hearing the salutations of the angelic hosts instead of with such qualms. For mothers whose knowledge is but slight, and who, therefore, fully believe that these representatives of the All-being are knocking for admittance to their love, but who do not understand fully all that pertains to this event, it is a portentous moment also, as it brings Life's legacy with it, and so a call for a faithful consideration of all that which is spiritually vital, and for an interest which is intelligent enough to meet the requirements of individual—universal—Life both for themselves and the hailing angels.

VIII

THERE are, nevertheless, the same requirements coming from every other child, and the sacred call of parentage, when rightly understood, will acquaint one with the fact that whatever is being given to other children — any of God's children — through a real service, is at once beneficently applied to one's own child also. An intelligent desire to serve faithfully one's own child will acquaint any mother with the fact that she would be neglecting her dear one should she fail to be helpful to other children. Those who have worked their way intelligently by attempting to demonstrate what the Master taught them to do, and later by a knowledge gained from much experience of their own, will know that every demonstration for those of whom they were previously ignorant, and to whom they were accordingly indifferent, or oblivious, until during some hour of faithful service, they had given the needy their Soul's own love, has increased their own poise, given to them the resolution so much needed, as also that confidence in their own retention of the Power that is — and is the only Power — all of which is essential while human love continues to make itself unhappy and anxious because its apparent nature is fear — superstition.

It is plainly obvious that the power ascribed to the god of human nature is a variable dependence.

There are occasional glimpses of beauty to be seen, but the hearing appears treacherous, heeding more the sobbing, the groaning, and the complaining, both the suppressed and the uttered, than it does that Song of Life which would delight one eternally, were this Song to be felt as the heart's true utterance. The ringing laughter too often suggests hysteria instead of reminding one of heavenly gladness, while those who play upon humanity's stage, appearing as gods, goddesses, nymphs, dryads, naiads, and bacchantes, each sustaining the various parts accepted by him, prove but sorry revelers in a dream always ready for dissolution—disenchantment, fortunately. But the nature ascribed to all this transitory pleasure, even if it seem for a time to rise to a fuller sense of Life, goes back to its dozing unsustained consciously by the eternal Strength. Milton's figure of Sin and Death and their incestuous children, by its very hideousness, impresses one with its characterization of the subtlety fruiting as humanity, a humanity, apparently, but temporarily resolved by vaguely involving and evolving elements, having for their laboratory a partially subconscious mentality.

Still within it all there is something which reminds one, and, paradoxical though it seem, not unhappily, of the cross. It is named sorrow, pain — suffering. The Master made no effort to bear the cross imposed upon him, the cross which was transfigured

for us by his Resurrection ; but unwise man exerts himself to bear as his cross this sense of suffering which crucifies him hourly, — so suffering for himself, for another, and so for all others ; for how bitter is that intensified pang when it comes through one's beloved. How thoroughly then one realizes his unity of feeling with his own ; yet perhaps it will require many ages to come for the enlightening of all that the suffering of all others is, in one form or another, theirs also. But when this knowledge does come to one the true knowledge will also come that man should only know his blessed freedom — heavenly Peace.

IX

FOR notwithstanding this appearance of unity in suffering, Heaven is not the domain of suffering or sorrow. Heaven is surely the Soul's true occupation of itself, even as it should be every one's conscious occupation of Thought. One can easily understand that a sympathetic Heaven could never be conscious of the depths of human anguish and continue Heaven-stayed. From some superstitious deep in the human soul, one may argue that suffering was made necessary in his case for his further chastening, and quote the scriptural saying that the Lord chastens those whom He particularly loves ; but the better-informed, those who are constantly

reaching to the Divine for enlightenment, will know surely that there is neither a scriptural nor an inner authority which can enforce such a version of the Creator's love as true upon their own inner interpretation of Heaven's love, — as according with the love manifested by Spirit for its heavenly Child ; and surely Heaven made none else.

Certainly Jesus held each one responsible for his mode of construing Life, — for what each received from Life as an individual. “Thy sins are forgiven,” he said, when healing the man sick with the palsy. This man was himself held responsible. But he was not to sin again ; otherwise, the quaking of fear would again sap his strength, which he would then forget was God-given, and so to use for his delight. Nevertheless, if one prefers to feel kindly toward suffering, to encourage what he then believes its helpful ministry, certainly the best word he can say for it is that it is a never forgetful school-master which has driven him often to desire that understanding which is the Conservator of Peace — of active, conscious Peace. In this way it becomes, like the cross on the church in Turgéneff's poem, a reminder of the Christ within one, which reminder dissipates the fearful effects of a dream by recalling into active life the realities of the In-visible.

It may be truly said that if one will only let the inmost self behold the grace of Christ within himself, he will then behold only this grace in all that

hath the Sign of the In-visible Creator, because then everything manifesting Life, having the Creator for its Life, degraded though the creature may appear, comes to him as Heaven's spiritual child. For then will that disappear, powerless, uncreate, which has seemed to manifest itself as a power influential in producing disturbing elements ; which has seemed capable of thwarting one whenever one felt some incentive towards a conviction that Absolute Truth is his soul's single aspiration ; and which has also seemed capable of making his days useless here because of his own suffering, or because of the suffering of others, when he would have preferably devoted himself solely to the recovery of his own sound sense, and to the selfsame recovery in others. Illusions are then dispelled. And then Delusion, the apparently intro-active god of a subliminal universe, soulless, breathless, without being, has no longer even a shade.

X

AN earnest, well-tempered realization of the Power of true Thought is the necessary equipment of the genuine worker. Doubtless preceding this state of mind will have been periods of sentimental interest in human woe, when one, probably, sporadically tried to relieve it, as his own comfort and the requirements of his immediate family and friends

permitted him ; or else, probably, speculatively discoursed on the subject presented by a suffering world, and his own inability to offer any effective relief. But now one must come, divested of all shallow affectations, with the mind conscious of its strength, and with a heart that is like a burning flame, ready to burn the chaff away whenever and wherever it appears. One must be firm of purpose, and show, to himself at least, an unremitting, untiring devotion to the Self of the Universe. One should not, therefore, yield to the obsession of those who have opened the door to give him entrance to this school of existence — which is the sanest term I know to use for naming the demonstrations of Life which are called for, and imperatively called for, to-day. But one should accept his thought divinely clothed, and by doing this he will greatly advance his present interest in, and knowledge of, what is transpiring within his mentality. I refer to this obsession advisedly. That is to say, I am not blundering into some statement concerning that which is so markedly obvious to any mentalist with a genuine experience, without sufficient mental data to confirm my own experience. One cannot begin the work of a successful mentalist without first putting one's self in touch with that which presents itself as the mentality of others. We all start as novices, although we start consecrated for our work ; but at first — and occasionally later — there is much

groping which calls for repeated turning to the Source for a replenishing of the Light; the groping and the replenishing seeming to alternate continually, until one has loosed himself from all forms of ancestral obsession, so as to see clearly for himself that his Life begins directly in Spirit; that there is no heritage for him except that which the Host of Heaven bestows so plenteously. Then he understands precisely how he reaches forth to touch his Selfhood in everything that hath been made.

So I could not evade an allusion to this phase of obsession, and be as helpful to my readers as my heart would have me. I now refer particularly to that which is so evident to every mentalist with a long experience, the apparent obsession of an individual's mentality by others; to what seems a palpable fact — one permitting one's mentality to house tenants other than in the divine way. From the beginning of my work, I have realized that I must speak positively to those who would invade my province of thought with the desire of taking up their present abode in it. At first the manner of effecting one's freedom seems incomprehensible, but release comes with one's better knowledge, the knowledge which is oftener gained by assisting others, and never gained unless one does assist others. This form of obsession becomes psychically operative through a racial acceptance of life based on relativity. One of a former generation, in agree-

ment with an appointment made within the subliminal consciousness, assumed another phase of existence for his expression of being. A descendant — by generation only — assumes the atmosphere that his forbear left here as personal, and offers his fancy to it, although he may know nothing of the personal traits of this forbear. How often one can note parents walking in the children whom they have left, and, probably, sometimes walking unconscious of doing so. But this is never good for one who bears such obsession as a burden laid upon his life. One should rouse his mentality from its obsessed condition so as to dissipate this human resemblance, however worthy its original may have been. It certainly should not be perpetuated through coming generations, lest it shall become more enthralling as it continues.

In his "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," Dr. J. W. Draper says : "Is this the explanation of memory — the Mind contemplating such pictures of past things and events as have been committed to her custody? In her silent galleries are there hung micographs of the living and the dead, of scenes that we have visited, of incidents in which we have borne a part? Are these abiding impressions mere signal marks, like the letters of a book, which impart ideas to the mind?" He also says, "A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace, a trace which

might be made visible by resorting to proper processes." This is easy to understand, but it may not seem so easy to believe that every act registers itself upon what seems a vibrant world to impress everything with its touch. I am sure that no psychic impression can ever be effaced by human thought, by physical atmosphere, name it as you will. And this is the case solely because the Holy Spirit is tangible within its Nature, because it is construing itself permanently throughout its creation, however this construction may appear to the creation. Man's misconception of life must therefore necessarily reflect that which continues a tentative existence, even after it has ceased to be tangible or visible to him.

I should not be willing to submit that which I am pleased to call my mind to the invasion of the greatest philosopher or scientist that ever lived. I would not permit the greatest genius, or the greatest writer or thinker that ever lived, my thought for his parade-ground, but I would so gladly give it to the all-pervasiveness of the Holy Spirit, to the individuality of the Christ. Certainly every thought evoking a spiritual atmosphere is helpful. Many of the stories told of the infant Jesus may savor of the apocryphal, but so also do the stories of his later work, called miraculous, by those who make no effort to prove his words as true by their own demonstrations ; yet every story told to portray his spiritual power helps me inwardly, and so enables me to

help others. Well might he have said to his mother, "Do not be afraid, and do not consider me as a little child; for I am and always have been perfect; and all the beasts of the forest must needs be tame before me." One sympathizingly feels that the dragons, the lions, and the panthers should have comprehendingly adored this infant's Christ-consciousness, and then one's thought is ready to gather other babes into the likeness of this consciousness. One feels that the Soul of the Christ breathed through the soul of the palm-trees, while they, adoring, bent with their fruit to the feet of Mary at his will, and furnished from their roots the vein of living water to quench her thirst. When one has seen some demonstration of this Christ-power one's self, these acts of Jesus, or rather these acts attributed to Jesus, are natural instead of marvelous, while one all the more appreciates the atmosphere which makes the demonstration of this Power possible. For it is not then possible for the personal obsession of others to afflict one whether they are numbered with the dead or with the living, since one has safeguarded his happiness by accepting for his natural Thought that which is eternally substantiated without blemish, and which, therefore, never subjects itself to impressions. To behold the Christ in those who are sick because of, and thus imprisoned by, a false sense of Life, is to have that vision which holds within its flowing Light the beauty of the Incomparable.

THE WILL

I

IN their souls men and women are children, even when they seem monstrous in their contentions ; decadents, perverts, in their habits. It may be observed of one, as the force one has perhaps unconsciously employed becomes a counter-blow, how the soul seems to shrivel and shrink, and plead for fathering, for mothering, for that loving, protecting clasp of parentage which so graciously acts upon one to renew one's befriended sense of life, to restore the poise which seems to have been knocked askew by blows dealt by a culmination of adverse tactics,—apparently dealt by a concentration of inimical forces seeming to have had one in their cruel mind. The doughtiness of one's own courage, of which perhaps one has been exceedingly vain, has probably carried one through the first years of a contest waged between one's own wit and the wits of others. It was the same doughty sort of purpose as that which sustained one, however misdirected, for the contest when love, political preferment, social ambition, or commercial success was the stake. But the heavenly sight was not wholly

blinded, and so the Fount containing the real wine of Life was not entirely concealed, although the sense of a personal sufficiency, at first, supplied by a youth rebounding from the grave-clothes of an older experience, inclined one to a partial forgetfulness of the infinite desirability of peace and trust, and thus of that tender Love which stays one in its Heart. And so one responded to the obvious call for an aggressive advance over all intervening obstacles, and responded valiantly because one had come to believe this the only way to a present worldly success. Yet withal, one felt one's isolation, although noting the personal subtlety extending from everything human, but without fully believing that it was with all others precisely as it was with one's self, except probably as to degree. Apparently there is the same necessity arising for a woman as for a man to scramble for place, for power. So whenever one mounts the watch-tower to overlook the movements of some declared foe, one believes that one has a good and sufficient reason for assuming a defensive position against the depredations of many foes, both the seen and the unseen for that matter; believes one's self called upon to prepare for resistance at every point,—perhaps weakly believes that the contest will be finished only with his surrender of every interest vital to him. To such sad straits does the mere equipment of courage drive one!

Were these sentences devoted chiefly to the classifying of human qualities, it might be urged that one who stands bravely before a foe, to meet his assaults without any apparent trepidation, will probably be longer able to endure the scourgings of time. Indeed, resistance has become a commendable quality with many physicians, who give as the reason for any lack of favorable response from their patients that they had not the will to resist the inroads of disease, and so failed to be reached by medicine. Now such a statement appears plausible enough, and contains more truth for him who knows man psychologically than appears from a merely physical point of view. Still it might be questioned why medicines should be regarded as at all necessary if one has will enough to resist the inroads of disease. If it is possible to have will enough to resist disease, why not have will enough not to admit disease as an antagonist at all? Why not, then, carry this resistance still further and not permit any sovereignty other than one's own will? And why, then, should one permit antagonism to rule him in any form?

II

BUT there are many whys and wherefores to consider if one elects to go by the way of the human will, for one will then be called upon to enact the

protagonist's lines through a continuous life-battle. Waking or sleeping, one will be the chief character in life's tragedy, to himself at least. There are but few, if any, who have reached the human life's halfway point in years without some inner rebellion against what appears the cruelty of such experiences. The disturbances come, in one form or another, either through one's self, or through one's dearest. To others one will appear merely an ordinary mortal, perhaps receiving the usual amount of idolatrous regard from a few intimate friends, while enduring the caustic opposition of others who disapprove of his methods, whether worthy or undeserving the support of their favor, by virtue of what they possibly construe as their undeviating principle. So within the place where the human mind prefigures the result of its calculations there is no friendly quiet, no moment when it is safe to pause for rest. The personal will must wear its armor day and night. Even when one would devoutly pray before he sleeps that sleep which should be invited as the blessed season of heavenly communion with the angelic hosts, one is conscious of the galling of his armor, and disturbed by the many trains of thought defences. Schemes for present relief, all of which suggesting the panoply of war, prevent one's realization of the Presence within one's soul with its Almighty Love ready to irradiate his heart with natural delight.

So whether the exercise of one's will relieves or enhances suffering may appear questionable ; none the less, this will's functional activity, when rightly disposed, can be safely regarded as the manifestation of an energy which is surely leading one to Pisgah Heights, whence the Promised Land may at least be viewed. And a glimpse of this land certainly proves its existence. But without making sturdy efforts in this direction, there are few who will not miss even that glimpse at present. Still one should not be disappointed should the efforts themselves have a way of demanding frequent attention; for later, one's intermittent efforts appear to one like an attempt at distributing melted ore along stretches of sand at irregular intervals. One, however, continues these efforts, although with periods of inconstancy too frequent for an assured comfort, while perhaps believing that some true friend, trying to help him, is very patient in dealing with his needs ; yet more and more convincingly one turns to his own thought for its enlightening help, believing more and more in this thought's efficacy than in the efficacy of obvious things ; turns to his thought faithfully trusting that he may soon perceive the emanation of Heaven without helplessly depending upon any medium for its emanation other than his own glorified thought ; turns to the Holy Presence that he now can fully believe fills his whole soul with Light, and finally turns to it gladly for that absolute

Knowledge which will not leave him deprecating yet expectant, and so presuming only to say that he has a more intelligent knowledge of Life. For one now at least comprehends that the true armor of Life is the ever-shining heavenly Atmosphere, which makes his soul impenetrable to human darts even while one is completing his accepted term of human service by using his moment in earning the price of the Treasure hidden in the Field.

III

PROBABLY during all the ages of man has man been doctrinally demanding of himself the surrender of his own will to what he has construed as Heaven's Will, or rather as some form of deific will, the result of which, however, could bring his votive offering nothing possibly of greater value than his own sacrifice to passivity. For such teaching can only instruct one to be neutral before the Holy Presence, even so neutral as to efface the desire of possessing that heavenly Knowledge which is so necessary to the complete adoration of Wisdom. At least, this would appear as the condition imposed by such an argument upon the creature who must still be desirous of spiritual recognition else he would not thus undertake the expulsion of all that pertains to self, — to which ruling, it is obvious, no one has yet been able to subscribe entirely with his life. For, obvi-

ously, there are still the struggles of the rebellious soul to endure, a soul that braces itself by writing riot-acts with its heart's best blood. Yet one surely knows, even if one be regarding Life merely from a logical human point of view, that that which declares itself as will has some power within it which is ineffaceable. But this is a frequent question: If the will of man is not given him for the purpose of enforcing his taking up or laying down of arms, figuratively speaking, why is it then that such a will so often proves to one merely a means for self-persecution? Every believer in the Christian doctrine accepts as true the statement that Christ is not, or rather was not, born of the will of flesh, but was conceived and born of the Will of God alone. Here is a characteristically human discrimination, a distinction, surely separating the average Christian from Christ, although this statement provokes — as it should not — no challenging doubt in the heart of any sincere believer. That the one who came to be the perfect example of all others, should have been thus conceived, and thus embodied, among men, many believe not only to have been possible, but to have been effected also, even though this conception and birth occurred in the remote ages of the past, among an alien people. It is only the effectiveness of such a life as an example which is denied — by man's inactivity — this example being therefore nearly void of result even in the best of

the race. So the memory of this example amounts to very little more than an unanswered heart-cry, as men reflect upon that Christly Son, who, without so much as resisting the call to human nature's combats, came here to live without any human self-assertiveness respecting his earthly privileges ; came simply for the sake of quickening us to the absolute knowledge that the divine in us is all there is ; that the All-power of Divinity is wholly ours to use ; and, furthermore, that it is the sole Power of any one's equipment.

IV

ALTHOUGH to some it may seem an irreverent, if not a sacrilegious, assertion, yet I must state my own conviction that it is only in their conception, their interpretation, of what will is, and what its exercise should be, men differ from the Christ. Certainly Jesus taught plainly enough that one could easily possess himself of the true letter concerning Life, for he said : " If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Yet, with such definite instruction, some say that they should know the whole letter before attempting to practice the Will of Heaven intelligently. Certainly the knowledge of no human art, or science, is attainable in this way, yet many appear to believe

that, somehow, the good of Heaven will take possession of them to bless them without any active practice of their own, although a moment's earnest converse with their intelligence should convince them that Heaven is not thrusting its blessings through or upon any one in such an equivocal manner. Moreover, if one's outlook be from a spiritual viewpoint, he will soon be able, if only logically, to say that Heaven always has been really expressing itself in man throughout the ages of man's waiting. For myself, let me say, I ask for an intelligence hard enough to be intelligent ; something with a diamond's clearness, and as impersonal, yet forever consciously blessed with the Almightyness of Love. I have known long enough the utter inefficiency of a vapoing, maudlin sentimentality, which is too soft and weak to be useful, while often troublesome from a liability to an evaporation from its own excessive fermentativeness.

One certainly should not preferably account an ignorance of Heaven's Will as his chief spiritual blessing, because then, as probably most know from their inner experiences, one is attitudinizing the God of Heaven into an accusing conscience. According to the prevailing religious beliefs, the Unknown God of ancient Greece was travestied as reigning with heavenly power in sundry idolatrous forms, but it certainly required the active imagination of men to keep such images sentient to their

fancy. Still, those old Pagans had a far sounder estimate of things human than have some modern religionists, since they never expected any single god to express every human quality. If they were anthropomorphic in their religious belief, they showed a more logical mode of reasoning than is being shown in much of the present-day belief in anthropomorphism. For they did not expect the same deity to pity and to heal, to punish and reward, to show mercy and to decide the penalty, in the same instant, and for every man. Nor did they put themselves to the inconvenience of having a deity within themselves who would leave them no moment of grace, but would continue a warning voice in their ears, a pulsating, terrorizing engine in their hearts, instead. Not that their idea of love was absolutely fixed; instead, their love god ruled capriciously, often making his sign with wings extended for further flight, but not infrequently stopping seriously and sedately to preside over some fervid interest of the greatest passion of human life; that passion which, after all, seems, for a season at least, to be the chief interest to men and women both in this existence—the love of mortal, or of mortals. Not that any one would so declare it probably, nor that one should so declare it. Rather ought one to have this love appear as the Soul's cry within one for its complement—for its completion.

V

YET how does one regulate his devotions to that God Whom he names the Love of his life to-day? Does one always remember Love's true Name when he is bestowing his affection upon his friends, or receiving theirs in return? Is the love he gives his friends a spontaneous joy, or is there something voluntary in his remembrance of them? Does he spare himself a day of sorrowful reckoning by seeking that realization of Heaven's perfectly spontaneous love which always helps one to feel that Love is immortal in his beloved, and that what conserves it so is its unity with the Will of Heaven which is Love Immortal, that Will which is the spontaneous expression of glad, Immortal Life? For to feel this Love as the Power of Life is to know the Will of the Kingdom within one.

It is easy to see that this heavenly Will is not declarative of a power that exacts fealty by a merciless dominion which suppresses will in its object. This heavenly Will is not virtually saying, "I am He before Whom you are to bow a victim without mind or power." Nevertheless, the Mosaic statement that the Deity of Heaven is a jealous God seems to accord with man's beliefs concerning Life, as upon things spiritual he sets only an inconstant, and so a fluctuating, value. But one joyously appreciates the spiritual Will when he realizes its

value as an entirely spiritual factor, operating through his life to-day as an intelligent Guide, an unfailing Strength, a Soul all-loving. The race has, however, evidently viewed the sad results of what it has termed the inflexible, and often cruel, will of men, thus to predicate the Divine Will in its human likeness. But this human will obviously has ears for a human communion only ; has, too frequently, selfish leadings of its own, from the sin of which no human love can possibly absolve it. One appreciatively proclaims an inheritance of some specific human virtue from worthy forbears, or else persistently strives to keep in some dark background the shame of unworthy ones, while trying to subdue the inclinations in himself of a human heritage from a generation whose taint he fears ; but there are few, if any, who look entirely to their direct inheritance of Will for a reinstatement of their true conception of Life. Yet many believe that all their prayers to Heaven should be answered because of a few having, as they believe, brought the heavenly response. Because of some favorable results, they sincerely believe that they have reached the hearing of the Divine Will, and that these prayers really moved this Will to some partial abrogation of its laws in their favor. But whenever they have not believed that their prayers were answered favorably to their personal interest, they have accordingly believed that Heaven was disinclined to attend to them, or

else, in some manner, jealous of a different principle of government.

VI

ONLY those who have felt the blessedness coming from such knowledge can be aware of the peace which springs in the heart of one who knows absolutely that the hearing of the heavenly Will is attuned only to its Own Voice, so that it can hear no complaining tone in the only Voice that it has given its creation to use. This knowledge proves a quick summons to order whenever one fully realizes that Heaven's ear is not deaf to any one's despairing cry, since this cry is not heard throughout the length and breadth, the height and depth, of Universal Love simply because this love as Divine Will, as All-divine, has conceived nothing for its Own that can possibly obstruct the way, or occasion any suffering or sorrow. So this knowledge lights the moment when the transfiguring of one's heart takes place. And so one allows no ugly, selfish view of his own personality, or of the personality of others, to distort his vision; for it is the moment during which one reconstructs his conflicting views of Life into the single viewpoint by resolutely accepting this Will, with the divine hearing only, for his very own. One is now wiser than to blame one's self, because of being thoroughly aroused to the fact that,

even to blame one's self, will continue some form of reasoning which will again prove a pitfall for feet that are perhaps only feebly turned to Truth, despite one's resolution to go forth faithfully with the Divine leading.

How immeasurably glad one is to know that if Heaven appears devoid of pity, this is solely because it knows of nothing to pity, — because it knows itself as the All-in-all; so glad to hear surely that the Almightyness of Life is for glorification instead of for commiseration. Yet it may be noted how much greater appears the Power coming from man to man, and how much greater appears man's trust in it, than in the directness of Heaven's Power, when so many, who are ready to proclaim their understanding of the Power of Heaven within them, still trust more to this same Power in man, and in his offering of it to their thought, than they do to the whole Might of Heaven in Heaven itself. Happily this is a perfectly true view to take of the heavenly Power, since it is whole in every man, in every creature, in all that hath been made, and so is certainly as whole within the individual seeing its helpfulness in another. How faithful, then, this individual should be in whom another trusts sufficiently thus to leave open the gates of his thought as to his God, both day and night! It is indeed a solemn though joyous occasion—for the gates of Heaven are wide open, too, within this helper's heart! One has only

to think with an unswerving directness that this Will, to which he announces himself the heir, is absolutely founded, and all that is true of that Power in man which is known as mental stamina. Nevertheless, this mental stamina seems to need a spiritual baptism in every one, in order to present itself as a likely Christ-child with the heavenly head and feet, and all that which glorifies itself as the spiritual embodiment of Being. Still, this baptism will not clarify one's sight and feeling unless one seek it gladly. For what we regard as our mental stamina has doubtless had ages of baptismal events in sorrow, and innumerable times, doubtless, appeared to stand waiting for conversion, although ignorant of the cause of its delay. But with the new baptism comes the new interpretation of Will. It is no longer demonstrated merely by a patient exercise of faith shown by waiting for the Lord's Own hour for recognition of the individual's need. And it is no longer that semblance of Power which enables one to endure stoically the winnowing processes whereby the Good in him is to be freed through the meshes of some spiritual sieve, while the evil of man is being burned by a liquid fire without consuming it. For the burning which has made a lurelight will die because of flames unfed so soon as man's will has baptized itself in the splendor of the Eternal Light — God's Will. The Principle of Heaven dwells the same enduring Power in every one. No

Paphlagonian oracle betrays that secret which, if revealed, would show the manner by which Heaven's favor could be lost to one through another's will. Such a possibility should not prove convincing to the common sense of man. The oracular device by which Aristophanes unmade the tanner Cleon to make the sausage maker Agoracritus a power is as plausible. One may show no evidence of natural Power in his life because he fails to use that which is his spiritually, but whoever accepts the responsibility of Life intelligently will find the heavenly Power fluent in him, and will understand that, despite the human propensities which would sometimes thwart him if permitted, and despite the machinations of a subliminal will, Spirit is shaping his way always divinely. There are then no vaguely terrifying premonitions to trouble his heart — to paralyze his activities.

VII

WHENEVER one understands the Power within him well enough to use it faithfully, the apparent brutality of evil loses its rule in him. He no longer suffers from the chastising fires of evil. The serpent never had a malicious fang. Death never had any poison in its sting, for it never had a sting. It never had a stalking ghost: it never knew of any creation, good or bad. All this one knows with a knowledge

transcending the reach of challenging doubts, so soon as his will becomes an active willingness to enter into the heavenly agreement with the Spirit of the living Way. For now it is understood that to be born of the Will of God means that one is consciously thus born; is also conscious of being restfully borne by this Will through the daily occurrences of his life, which occurrences he has ceased to regard as happenings, or accidents, but knows to be the direct result of what he is receiving into his own thought; or perhaps knows to be the indirect result of what he has received thoughtlessly starting its operations through him. But he has learned his full responsibility: He is responsible for the good in his life, and for seeing the good in every one; responsible for the knowledge that all good is going his way, since his way is the way of divine agreement—for him the way of heavenly willingness; a willingness which he now knows should image only the Might of the heavenly Willingness within the Divine Self.

One has also learned that the penalties one pays for the sin of ignorance are of small account compared with the magnitude of those attached to disregarded knowledge; but it is well with one when he understands that each one affixes the penalty for himself. Perhaps, however, one has complained of his own irresponsiveness to Truth. So he goes to another for a solution of his problem. "Why, oh

why, am I thus afflicted? Should not Truth prove sufficient for the hour?" From this friend's own experience comes the solemn answer: "All truth voices itself through you, bidding you come with it. Go you with it; stay with it; be only its expression consciously to yourself." But this will often be the answer: "I know all this; can you tell me nothing more? Can you not give me some clue to the way I should go?" Yes, truly, all this one knows; but the trouble is that one does not always call — constantly call — upon the upright activity of this knowledge, upon its individual strength and power. For were he to do so, it would then become to him the Tree of Life with its leaves of healing for all the nations of the earth, for the world; the healing which would then come from the World-invisible to man, whose own phase of existence is to him otherwise nothing more definite than a wheel within wheels. But the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, of the fruit of which one seems sometimes preferably to partake, is responsible for this whirligig of time. When it blossomed and fruited there appeared for its protecting might the flaming sword, which turns every way while encasing itself in the human life of man. As pain it appears a wincing reminder to man of his servitude to everything which never appears consciously to extend beyond the knowledge of an elementary nature; and also as a reminder that its blow shall finally end his

indefinite pursuit of life here under adverse circumstances. It certainly suggests to one his obviously native ignorance. The Tree of Shades, it might be called, upon the respective leaves of which seem written some doleful tale for every one who is greedy for its fruit.

VIII

YET each one already has given to him that knowledge which, if put into practice, becomes the heavenly quickener of life for him, the understanding of Self, of Will, of Soul. In some fortunate hour, although adversity seem to abraise him without and within, he seeks to give himself wholly to this Knowledge; aims to give himself to its acquisition, and so to its expression, completely, and the result is that the barren spot he has hitherto believed his thought to be, springs into beauteous life, and he believes that he shall always prove faithful to its Source of nourishment. For him then there is no world other than Heaven. But the acuteness of the situation becomes less intense, fades into forgetfulness, or else is remembered merely as some physical defect which vanished as one devoted himself wholly to what he would now theoretically term Truth's absolute way of viewing Life. He avers that we cannot all be priests and oracles; there should necessarily be a preponderance of laymen at

present to look after the work neglected by those who are wholly absorbed in the spiritual field of usefulness, or by a devotion to incubating ideals. This, at least, might be the inference drawn from the reasons sometimes offered for giving the world the place belonging to Knowledge ; and certainly the versatility of Reason needs no inspired tongue to magnify its cause. In its subtle fluency, it would claim the sceptre of sovereignty over man ; it implies its divinity ; it would even spell itself as cause with a capital C.

But the world and its occupation can never really displace one's interest in Knowledge, that Knowledge which one interprets as omniscient ; that Knowledge which knows only what the Soul of All knows of itself. It is perhaps for this reason that the pale goddess Intellect keeps her fires flaming near the border-line of safety — perhaps unconscious that a longer leaping flame would redeem her as Intelligence. Nevertheless, this Knowledge, which is divinely intelligent, one should faithfully try to carry with him into the world ; this Knowledge which transcends the things humanly imperceived to give even to such things their true sensibilities — their spiritual sensitiveness and alertness — so that they may consciously respond to their contact with the divine ; and so that they shall behold only the heavenly Sign in everything, in every one. And as one spiritualizes his will thus faithfully with a

desire which comprises every desire other than those desires for purposes which ring untrue, because this desire is based on an absolute trust in fundamental Being, this will bring forth results which increase one's confidence in Spirit until one understands the method by which the appearance of a world and of worlds shall be transformed, transfigured, into the divine image and likeness, for which most declare that they are waiting, although without any very inspiring belief in its coming to pass. Yet how can any one be well and happy with only a return, void of spiritual result, from misspent energies? Would one, advisedly, be willing to play a mummer's part through the coming ages, particularly when one knows that time can have only a relative measurement, written as it must ever be for every one on the decimal side of a fancy stretching vaguely through infinity ?

IX

THE Will of Spirit enables one to speak with the authoritative Voice of this Will to himself, and, through his true grasp of Self, to the whole world. So one becomes absolutely conscious of his spiritual Self-reliability. This Will teaches one that, whenever one is speaking to himself truly, he is at once in communion with the whole spiritual World ; and that he is united with the heavenly Nature filling

every child of Spirit, filling everything that hath been made. So, as one thus speaks to the world, he feels that the heavenly Power is adding Heaven's Unit to his expression, even adding the blessedness of the true World unto him. One then knows, even if the need appear great, that this need is a cause for rejoicing, rather than for grieving, since the supply is sufficient to fill every need with happiness. For what appears as an infinite need is, when simply known, the place of welling Light ; the abode of the Holy Spirit. One can ask for nothing more, desire nothing more. What, therefore, is returned to one from the Universe is surely returned from one's conception of the Universe ; so, for one's happiness, one should know that one cannot regard the creation as something left helpless by the Creative Will, leaning or prostrate from weakness, without being prostrated one's self by the same weakness, which then becomes to one a manifold force multiplying itself by the number of the countless hosts, who seem to lie a cumulative weight from day to day, from year to year, an unendurable burden upon one ; this burden being chiefly due to one's own increasing resistance as one struggles with others in the argument of materialism, which argument eventually brings one with all his compromises to the dust, but, happily, not to end in dust. Most, fortunately, know better than to prefigure such a finish for Heaven's child.

But he who goes back to the world — for it seems like going backward whenever one ceases to gather one's self into one's true mental place, after having viewed Life from true Mind with a brief delight — will never be able to add enough of the leaven of Knowledge from his own knowledge of what Truth has done for the individualism of the race to impregnate the race with spiritual desire while he is making daily, perhaps hourly, or even momentarily, concessions to the mutable characteristics — the vicissitudes — of the human will. One might then say with Dante's pilgrim, making his horrible discoveries in the region of hellish results from hellish intents,

“At war 'twixt will and will not in my thoughts,”

as he pursues the way of Appearances, occupied as he necessarily is with the closest calculation concerning how he can maintain his footing safely in the midst of a way seemingly ever exuding corrupting poisons, even from one's dearest. For the way of a germinating world is full of difficulties from the outset. Indeed, the microbe's task is a hard one.

Yet one can gratefully know that his true Self is not now, has never been, and shall never be concealed from him because of its being ensnared within the temporary limitations of a human will. So one can easily have the relief which the true Knowledge offers him that this presumptuous quality, masquer-

ading as a will, never had, nor has, any power to issue its compromising mandates to him through himself, or through another. Yet often the human will is to a man as abstract a consideration as his view regarding the Divine Will; for it may have been as consciously able to take a stand for itself as the proverbial wet string, and so irresolute that others have passed him by, regarding any attempt to help him to uprightness as a waste of their own energy. It may have been said of him by others, with obvious justice, that he was too weak of will to suffer much; yet he has probably known that phase of anguish, which comes to all who are not mentally-poised, arising from a belief of being pushed by untoward circumstances to some prodigious effort, for the making of which his strength seemed totally inadequate. But when the moment of real enlightenment comes with its blessed clearness, one perceives that this will, whose absence he had so sadly deplored, was not the desirable Will, since one could not trust to its working power for intelligent results. He has happily come to know that here, within himself, is that Will which carries one without one's needing courage to fortify one, and that all one has to do is to give one's self willingly to its carrying Power in order to have its completeness in one's self, when one gladly admits that this Presence makes the moment one of rest, of peace, of plenty.

X

STILL, there is the forlorn cry of the masses in one's ear, the masses unconscious, because of dozing, that they are numbered among the angelic hosts. There is this cry in one's ear, if one choose to hear it, and there will surely be this cry in one's ears, even if one do not choose to hear it, unless one choose to put into that cry the Spirit with the Song of Eternal Thanksgiving as faithfully as he should. If one does this he learns to give to the upright Will a new meaning. He is no longer daunted by his former fears. So, from one's inmost thought, wherein the Spirit of Heaven is forever abiding, forever animating, one gathers his life impersonally, firmly, willingly, until he is fully conscious that there is nothing relative pertaining to mine and thine having existence. Between the moment when he offered himself as a neophyte before Truth's altar and this impersonal moment, there has probably been an interval during which he believed himself drawn before the tribunal of human judgment ; for if the Voice of the heavenly Will is not the only Voice one hears, then will one observe that those whom he would so gladly help have become his accusers. It will then seem to some that he stands a very monster of cruelty, who would ruthlessly destroy them by his insistence that they shall use the Power with which they are naturally endowed ;

by his persistence in calling upon them to see the face of the angel before they shall have died in order to enter Heaven ; by his obvious sternness and severity towards their thousand and one weaknesses which they seem determined to accept as inborn, — although of which they would deem it perfectly right for another to relieve them, — all of which they seem to see rather than to see the evangel of Truth he carries for them.

Undoubtedly, any one who has reached that knowledge of himself, whereby he has been enabled to stand unquestioning as to what he himself shall do with the strength that he knows to be Heaven-given, has reached that knowledge by being far more merciless to himself than he is as yet willing to be to others. The way that men preferably cling to weakness would make such a course seem savagely cruel. Nevertheless, would they not consider such treatment as they are, in their ignorance, imposing upon him cruel rather than merciless, if they only understood that the individual worker pays his fee for working with himself as the price ? with what they would regard as necessary to their comfort while they are engaged in converting their earthy vessels into heavenly Treasure ? There, however, seems to be a different quality biting its way as mercilessness from that which is biting as deliberate cruelty. For wilful cruelty seems at least a step nearer the monstrously depraved, al-

though those who are sentimentally considerate of their temperaments will take a different view concerning this subjective condition. The savage desire to cause suffering does not confine itself to any particular human class ; none the less, it should be regarded as nothing more than another phase of madness by those who are working for the good of all.

XI

HOW morbid is that view of life which claims the Christian religion as its starting-point, yet expects men and women to sacrifice themselves to the weaknesses of brother-men and sister-women without any recompense other than that suffering which would necessarily be entailed by such a mistaken course. The meaning of a vicarious office has been so misconstrued as nearly to have lost its efficacy. Jesus surely did not offer himself as a sacrificial example for the race to follow ; for if he did his was not the vicarious service that the Christian world proclaims it to have been. The human Jesus died on ~~the~~ cross, but the living Christ is eternally manifested in the present life of every one, and if each one will only receive the benefit of this divine Presence by consciously dwelling in it, then will Jesus the Christ have effaced all sorrow and suffering for those who have come into their heritage of Love by

a self-application of his teaching. The Jesus, moreover, who demonstrated by the way, and so in the life of those who accepted his ministrations of the heavenly Will, gave himself to the work of the hour, fearless of any, of every cross. His work, however, was done for all, and the few instances of his work given us show the individuals responding from the selfsame Source of Power, precisely as he expected them to do. He taught plainly enough that the forgiveness of sin resulted only from a man's consciousness — knowledge — of Spirit's work within him. He himself was neither resistant nor passive. His thought was wholly active. Although he did not show sufficient physical strength to bear the cross, yet did he manifest sufficient spiritual strength to embody his life afterward to his desolated disciples; a spiritual strength sufficient to gather them to their work as scribes, as teachers, as demonstrators of the living Faith, — so to do the work whereunto he had appointed them from the beginning. More than this, after having left the sight of men, he manifested the Power of the heavenly will sufficiently to transform the zealous Saul into the spiritually illumined Paul, who was to carry the work by means of his own enlightenment to a plane of thought which would interpret the Truth of Christ to many.

XII

IT would do one no practical good to regard occasionally the life of some beautiful god, although this god were, so far as one could then be capable of knowing, possessed of all the graces of earth and heaven combined. For one could then have only such knowledge of this beautiful being as could be derived from an occasional emotional, hysterical inference. Only from true Knowledge comes spiritual perception, or feeling, — although to call it atmosphere best states it, — with its broadening, deepening, heightening reach, as one is more and more willing to absorb it into his life by desiring that this shall be his only emanation to others ; so does it become to him the real Nature of Spirit, of all Selfhood, and so the Truth of all things. Thus, from this habit of thought, it becomes the natural mode of operation to treat all others precisely as one treats one's self, although one probably does not at present expect as much of another as of himself.

Yet looking through the deepening reaches of memory, whose remoteness would not altogether account for the partial obscurity wherein events seem veiled, one can note, probably, without entering into the details of a past, how then his moods governed him with their emotional tendencies. Outside he may not have shown exactly how his emotions were seething within. There may not have

been the momentary effervescence for his friends to discuss, but he had felt a separation like a sediment hardening, to drop with a dull thud, or a fierce pang. The spiritual atmosphere which radiates the joy of living springs from the Source which sustains itself by the spontaneity of its circulation. One turns to Spirit at first aware of its being a voluntary effort, but his knowledge inspires him to perceive that his thoughts should be as spontaneous as Spirit itself. There has been an aversion shown towards imitating the good of others, but we should all be earnest imitators of the Christ; and we surely can be nothing better than imitators, however hard we may strain after certain effects produced by some other example. Every racial effect is imitative, a spell of hypnotism which seems to be whispering in the ears of men a likeness to each other with only slightly differentiated manners; a difference so slight, however, that neither the angels, nor men of a different race, could scarcely observe it. For underneath the veneer of civilization, the instincts of humanity are the same in men of every race except as each man feels the spiritual atmosphere of Life consciously. But one should never be content ~~merely~~ to mimic what the world implies to have been the spiritual nature of Jesus Christ. Surely each should desire to know for himself that the Nature of Spirit can only be comprehended by one's constantly seeking that perception of the emanation of Spirit which re-

veals itself to one, both inwardly and outwardly, as the true Christ-nature ; reveals Spirit as Nature, and Nature as Spirit. For mimicry is hypocrisy, a self-deception which leads an individual thus subjecting his soul to such an unworthy task to suspect himself, and probably to believe that Truth's Power is not for the present generation of man to use ; but, probably, one has tried to avoid admitting to himself the real reason for his having missed an acquaintance with his true Nature.

Certainly any one who is only sporadically making genuine attempts at living the Christ-nature is liable to feel occasionally that he is under the ban of self-conviction. He can count every obstacle that has opposed his way to Truth, although later he understands that these obstacles were never insurmountable, and that, by a consistently faithful expression of what he now knows, the whole Field of Knowledge was as truly then as now ready for him to express. To be sure, it is not that kind of knowledge to which Bacon referred in his letter to his uncle. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he wrote. And Macaulay said of Bacon's knowledge that it resembled the tent which the fairy, Paribanon, gave to Prince Ahmed : "Fold it and it seemed a toy for a lady's hand ; spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade." Bacon must have made strong drafts upon his will to have kept his intellectual

powers so forcefully active. Jowett, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, must have combined will with resourceful talent, this combination thereby enabling him to say without believing that his egotism was offensive, or that it needed justification, "That which I do not know is not knowledge." For talent does not work alone. A French proverb reads, "That which is not lucid is not French." Yet a perfect lucidity depends upon Absolute Knowledge, to which Fount every one should gladly open his thought. It may be everywhere observed of man that one has to energize his will to accomplish anything of human importance, and one may be sure that he will not have that Knowledge which is essential to heavenly clearness without an active trust in the Divine Will present within him, which will, as the result of such trustfulness, then surprise one constantly with its spontaneous interpretation of Life for him.

XIII.

ONE brings his thought a voluntary offering to the Host, and the Host is revealed in this spontaneous manner: The Word of Life is like a heavenly stream of flowing tenderness recreating one every whit clean and whole. Every one can enjoy its potency by faithfully giving his thought to the Soul's Voice interpreting the Soul's blessedness to the in-

dividual ; by giving his attention to the heavenly conserving Voice of the Holy One, who never saw a blemish, never knew any sin in Himself, yet Who surely knows no other Self in the Universe. The temptation to rebel seems innate in everything — in both the things animate and the things inanimate. So we may be sure that the power to act is in everything, both the sensible and the insensible from an obvious view, and so to act spiritually — to respond to the spiritual thought of another, even if responding apparently but slightly ; and also that everything predicates some spiritual knowledge, although no one need expect an apparently dozing nature to rise except in response to Absolute Knowledge.

The underlying desire for self-esteem in every one's heart is that from which each should begin at once to perceive his own spiritual nature. Even the good that one esteems in another will help one to a divine quickening ; for then the good which is always within one will respond to what is good in another. Unfortunately, the Light within one has but a pale significance whenever one pauses to compare it with the Light shed by another. It usually seems far easier for another to think aright, and to carry this thought into clear, decisive action, than it does for one's self, particularly when it comes to a spiritual expression of Life which requires a constant devotion ; and even the well-gov-

erned thinker will probably admit that an inner temptation to laziness seems harder to resist than a temptation suggested by lazy muscles. But even with the latter temptation the mentality is sluggish, and so leaves the muscles often to the foolishness of running amuck. Yet let one remember that, if one will only always try to think clearly, he will soon be aware of habitually — naturally — relying upon the sole Source of intelligent Power. So soon as this becomes easily natural, it will spontaneously become the spiritual manifestation of Life through one consciously, so that there will not be required the voluntary effort one has hitherto made. Instead there will be the joyful willingness of the Soul-sense uniting him to the Holy Spirit in everything which hath been made. Although one's religion at the beginning cannot be the product of hysteria, of mere emotionalism, neither can it be a cold, intellectual pursuit of Knowledge, for the Almightiness of Spirit is not like a book to be studied. On the contrary, it is the Spirit of Life to emulate, to manifest, to image. For first we try to emulate the Christ, then to manifest the Holy Will, and then to feel that imagery which all having Being should truly express. So we need not be afraid of imitating Christ, even though the human demand of the day is for originality — as Paul found it in Athens centuries ago. We should, indeed, all be imitators of Truth in each other, and always conscious of

our oneness in the single Way of Thought. And so we attain the Power of Christ through our knowledge of being begotten of the Will of Spirit only.

ACTION

I

THAT action which may claim but one's momentary attention is sure to record itself in one's mentality. If it be a thoughtless act, however good the result may appear, one cannot feel its blessedness in his own life. Assuredly every act should be intelligently carried into effect, if one expects any return to his present advantage, or to his advantage later. For it is the thought itself — call it intention or interest, or whatever you will — which is instantly accounted in one's life, and if one's purpose and interest are both spiritually disposed, one is conscious of the moment's hallowing blessedness. But whatever we do heedlessly, and so without a proper regard for the occasion, — I mean, without a devout regard for the work in hand as a divine opportunity, — will not have for us that helpful stimulus which one instantly knows to be spiritual, and which carries one's soul beyond its fanciful confines, thus to inspire one with the feeling of completeness. For whenever our affairs are devoutly carried to completion, it is quickly perceivable that the real meaning of the infinite conception of Life comes to one always from one's own soul's transcription of itself

through Universal Nature, even while the All-nature is manifesting itself the Blessed Unit within one's Self.

Evidently it is the unmorality of one's present mode of existence,—so paradoxically showing its signs by one's lack of whole-souled expression,—instead of one's immorality, which seems to write the minus sign before one's individual expression of Life. One therefore appears to be reversing Truth's absolute Sign of Life, while spending his days humanly trying to repair his mistakes. Carried by error to results for which he wastes his day deploring them, he yet allows himself to be further carried through a way lined by spectral fears which suggest to him the absence of that which would supply every need, naming these lean fancies which haunt him penury, weakness, shame, sorrow, suffering, the scrimping of selfish friendship, and death. These substanceless shades of thought also suggest the obvious fact that all flesh lacks self-sustainment, although, despite their subtlety, the true Light shines through their suggestions, reminding one of that abundance, strength, joy, peace, and life, which could be one's own from the True Consciousness. Circumstances which are disagreeable always seem to have intellectual ghosts, for they manifest themselves with the same specific subtlety of suggestion too frequently for one's comfort, dominating one through wretched moods when irritability, jealousy, envy,

vanity, and every undesirable thing which pertains to human temper appear to have full sway over one's faculties. This seems a horrible form of obsession, inviting as it does the condemnation of both friends and foes, besides belittling the inner man to himself while he either sulks or sputters, or seems hopelessly depressed, according to his mood which is then unwilling to be dissuaded from its absorption of him by his reason. But one's speechless or speaking torment departs, effaces itself, whenever one recalls Truth's absolute Sign of Christ. "I am the way, the truth, the life," one hears as an inspiring reminder; and the realization of all that this statement includes proves the vehicle which carries one conscious of the everpresent, everlasting supply for every need. One then allows himself to feel the heavenly touch because he is entrusting to his own heart its office as the divine point of contact. And then his heart is no longer feeble from attrition, but is mighty instead, nourished as it is from the circulation of heavenly love, and so by its own knowledge of its power to gather into its circulation all that is good, and to give through this circulation its heavenly Treasure to every one who will accept the Treasure. But all this is to be done through one's spontaneous feeling. For Truth never comes with a grand air to say to error, "Get you gone; I am Truth." Truth, however, is a great quencher of pretences, although not knowing that it is so.

II

THE ages have presented a longer road to a knowledge which forbids a present realization of the true ego, until to-day when there are pages and pages of fancies to sift, with foot-notes, and indices, and wonderful bindings, all devoted to explaining the fallibility of human science; to recording the conventions of humanity, its conservation of sorrow and want, and the unsuccessful struggles of that poor inner victim, man himself. So man has come to this present day of civilization, which some writer has termed a ladylike age. At first it seems both irreverent and impractical to turn from all this tedious outlay of human nerve, of mental dissipation, which has exhausted the energy of the ages, to devote one's self — moreover, to instruct all others to devote themselves — to the Knowledge of Spirit. There have been many institutions devoted to the same purpose, and all kinds of single and collective attempts to discover the Will of God, which men sometimes — indeed, usually — obviously prefer to regard as the Great Mystery. Man has secluded himself, and so excluded his brother, for the attainment of spiritual Knowledge, but no report has come to others of his translation to the skies as a consequence, while the greatest demonstrator of them all said, “No man hath ascended into heaven, but he that descended out of Heaven, even the Son of man,

which is in heaven.” Refining influences have been diligently sought as a means of grace. The finer works of man appear to question, “How can one expect to have the taste sufficient for a realization of Heaven’s beauties, of Heaven’s refinement, unless his human sight has had the cultivating, refining influence of æsthetics?” Doubtless æstheticism has many times brought about an acquaintanceship which has led individuals to a truer communion, thus proving the means to a divine accomplishment, but he who is to write his record of Life infinitely has to be constant to his Light and watchful of his Christ. For the absolute line of Thought gathers the individual line of Thought unto itself, and its grace is the grace which heals all hurts, since the human dream no longer entices one.

Some inadvertency of the moment may cost one bitter hours in payment thereof. That Spirit which requires the All-mind for its Heaven surely requires also our entire allegiance. Moreover, this expression of the All-mind one should reverently know to be the Self of All-nature. We ought not to lose our natural happiness because of our obliviousness to our spiritual ordering of sight, hearing, feeling — living. The work of Spirit opens before one. “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,” is the Christ-rule of action. Let us, then, see Spirit’s Power shown in the rejoicing thought of every one; and is there anything more beautifying? The kings of

earth would never excuse that inattention to their presence which man, whose likeness of the heavenly majesty of Selfhood excuses in himself to the true Self — his Host. A courtier, representing his king, would resent such presumptuous negligence from one who professed to regard this king as the supreme power of the land. But man, Heaven's representative, seems unaware that he should not only require himself to attend wholly to Heaven, without forgetting its Power within himself for an instant, but should also require others to attend likewise to this Presence within themselves.

III

EVERYTHING has its sentiency for joy or suffering. One cannot truly say even of the stick, when he once understands life, that it is dead — has no restorative power within itself. For there is that within it which enables it to cleave sensibly to its own concreteness, so that it can unite itself when it awakens from its present apparent obliviousness to that which it claims to belong,—either as permanently substanded, or else as merely an unsubstantial condition, although the latter would not always appear to it in the same material form, and surely not the former, as the spiritual substance, until it understands its own recreative essence to be the increate Power of Life.

To be instantly alert means that one is constantly alert. One cannot happily, successfully, dabble with spiritual values. One should always be mentally alive with the increate Eternal instead of passively dozing along with a dissipating, dissolving, uncreate sense of existence. For one's intelligent attention should be given to every effort, to every event, pertaining to his day. Whenever one does this he agrees with Spirit's leading, and does not wait an instant to act. The heavenly Will thus becomes a steady stream of Light through one's whole manifestation of Life. Soul and Body have become one. Nerves and muscles are now truly consecrated instead of merely affecting to be so. The knees of the heart move with the grace of the Holy Spirit, while the arms of the heart reach forth with this Spirit's love to embrace the children of Heaven. Whatever has seemed written unhappily and unkindly on one's heart is obliterated, for the shining Word of Life enlightens one's whole being. Human partialities are speedily converted into a love which is always fresh and fearless because it is self-existent and, therefore, self-sustained. Whereas one's partialities have hitherto excluded everything not of one's particular heaven, — such a mental attitude leaving one with only feeble human arms to offer for the embracing of one's beloved, — now, thanks to the obliteration of one's finite sense of lines, one has the eternally gathering love of the Holy Spirit

reaching from one's conscious heart with its enfolding love.

One quickly learns his accountableness to the moment, and also learns that indecision is fatal to happiness. To do, or not to do? It is to do, surely. There is nothing so negative in one's life that one can, with comfort, ignore it. This single, eternal moment is the definite one. Is it right to do this thing, or is it wrong? One instantly knows. At least, one should instantly know. Can one give to it a heavenly interest? Would the doing bring good to all? Do the angels of Heaven approve? And one should be able to answer questions of corresponding import at once without the necessity of putting them to himself. The moment never waits for any one. Opportunities never retreat nor stand still. One trusts the Host within the hosts, therefore consciously trusting the hosts, and, whether waking or sleeping, one should be sure that the Spirit Who never slumbers nor sleeps will carry him through the action, and carry, moreover, the action with him as a divine opportunity,—an opportunity capable of carrying itself, of being self-fluent in his life, of being a blessing to every one, whether it be known in detail to every one or not.

But this will not appear as true if judged by a merely superficial knowledge of Life. Nevertheless, there is that within the consciousness of each created thing which will have felt this action, and

which will have helped man, although his dull response may have added to that human fire, so causing him greater human suffering,—that fire which seems somewhat like a fever consuming the corruption due to previous sluggishness in obvious directions. For this true action will touch even the most degraded specimen of the race to call him to a better, a more intelligent, accounting of himself to himself, to the Universe, to his Thought-life. Surely, it is through one's intelligent conception of Life, through one's spiritual Knowledge of Life, that one shall realize what has been termed the second birth. Through the fulness of this realization will one return to his natural perception of Life. But the apparent interregnum, devoid of heavenly sense in the absolute, will not be spent by man in an entire unconsciousness of Spirit's ruling ; in an utter ignorance of Omniscience's concreteness as the only Mind with which one can ever know Life. That vagueness which has seemed to blur and blight one's faculties disappears while one is giving one's whole attention constantly to Spirit's absoluteness within one's self. Then whatever one has of Heaven to teach him, whether it appear of high or low human estate, one will surely accept in the fulness of its instructive Power from everything that lives ; that has creation ; and that, in one form or another, although presenting nothing more substantial than an earth-worm from its conception of being,

will continue visibly manifested, since it cannot be wholly effaced. So everything should speak with Truth's Voice to one's spiritual hearing; should reveal Truth to him who is trying to transform all things from their Divine Cause into Absolute Life. Into the things of earth and heaven one then faithfully infuses the heavenly Breath, the only Breath of Being, and no magician's wand could so wonderfully effect what the worker feels is being wrought through his entire being. The fear of death and life passes away; for this fear is all there is to pass away. The dread of separation vanishes. The Eternal abides in one's very own Thought, wherein it has always abode, his Substance of All-good, if he had only realized that its increate Power was his to use. The atmosphere is Universal now. Whatever he sees reminds him of the Presence Universal.

IV

I ONCE knew an artist who, whether he used crayon or oil, if he was only content to do the merest sketch of any one, to feature solely the essential, portrayed, even to a stranger, the character of the individual before him. He had mastered the thought of the individual to portray it accurately with these few lines of pencil or brush. Here was the individual's mentality speaking to you from the eyes, the lips, the nostril—from his habitual pose. Even

the ears proclaimed their purpose. But let this artist undertake to do more with light and shade, or let him but attempt to give the fleshly tints to his work, and the individual's atmosphere eluded his hand. It failed to respond to his touch. So this is the way with our mentality when we regard it as all-divine. And it needs no other treatment than the featuring of one's own mentality for another, whenever one is fully cognizant of the singleness of Spirit, and the work is done. Yes, the work is done, since it has had its beautiful finish from the beginning. One only sees what the Soul really contains, and so has not to add one iota of effort for any furthering of a likelier work.

To keep the moment accountable for itself is important, but each one of us has this to do for himself. The desire for something alien to Truth should be unknown. Calculation, expediency, is never needed for softening an occasion. The simple Truth is easily stated, and is always divinely helpful. Still, be sure that nothing else but Truth shall radiate from you whatever the occasion, for every moment is Truth's. Yet it may often seem more difficult to see the rebuilding of people than their several kinds of soul-poverty. Whenever this is the case, it will seem much easier to say, "I am sorry for you," than to work with the individual for his genuine happiness. For one can say that he is sorry, and leave another who needs, and to whom should be

given, the quickening word, with little further interest in him.

But the one who is not sorry for another, who is unfortunate solely because of being unaware of the blessedness offered all, though human circumstances are most depressing, must stand with his man until he has done his work of acquainting that man with his right to present happiness, and also shown him the way to keep it if he will only walk therein. Moreover, the one who is not sorry for God's children observes the multitude, and how every one is nursing his specific grievance; how each one images the woes of the son of man while obviously unconscious of his Power as the child of God, His Son; and thus one observes men's soul-affairs for the sake of helping them. But his vision quickly gathers the real for its true perspective. He, therefore, never doubts that all Life is affluent with Heaven's plenty, so that every one could rest in his natural Self, nor doubts that every one should radiate the joy of the Universal Self—the Self of the Soul all-divine.

One certainly cannot ignore the splendor of the heavenly Light in any one, and consciously retain the splendor of his own soul's Light. Nor can one enter closely into the assumed defects of men without assuming such defects one's self. Then one's knowledge soon appears deficient, and so one fails to see the living Spirit as the only Spirit of man.

Giving such credence to human misery, one becomes depressed himself, and so sees no clear way for helping others to overcome earthly anguish. Then the complaints of others, who seem deserving of better things, become the soul's engrossing cry within. The suffering of the world thus obscures one's vision.

"So grief assailed
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth."

This might be the cry of one's human mood, but such a mood should not be allowed to pervade one's soul as the infection of another, or of many. One should feel spiritually authorized to infuse others with his own joy instead. Better to risk losing another's friendship than to fail one's own serviceable exercise of power for him — for all others. Compared with one's living his sense of Truth, his preaching concerning the truth of Truth is but slightly effective. The written or spoken lines may be construed in as many different ways as there are readers or hearers, but the pure, strong, inmost thought, quickened by one's consciousness of its power as Truth revealing itself, not only through the thinker but through another also to whom this thought is addressed, can carry but a single meaning. It is certainly a revelation of Truth's abso-

luteness. For it reveals the increate Spirit, and so the immutability of Spirit's world in the life of every one to-day.

V

PHILO JUDÆUS wisely declared, "For it is natural that God should do everything at once, not merely by uttering a command, but by even thinking about it." Reading Philo's argument concerning the creation, one notes his effort to know Spirit spiritually, and notes that, because of this effort, when he touched upon the things of Spirit he was spiritually led. Assuredly, any one who realizes his own power for absolute good can understand, what Philo himself probably inferred, that God's work is Truth's simple exercise, and that this work accordingly has within itself the whole of Life's meaning. Probably, the only thing left as questionable will be concerning one's self ; the verity of one's intuitions ; one's use in the Divine Conception of Life. Yet some will wisely see that, being possessed of the requisite intelligence to comprehend the fact that this Divine Conception conceives itself also by its very manner of conceiving, it naturally follows that this ability to understand both Creator and creation as Thought manifesting itself places one on the same plane of imagery as that occupied by the heavenly Mind. And so it will be to one a simply constructed

sentence which states man as the heavenly image and likeness of the All-divine in his true Nature.

The true Nature has only to declare itself as the natural conception of Life to have orderly Being. So with this divine imagery, which man seems so carefully to conceal within a mentality which finds it difficult to deliver itself fully, whenever one understands it to be his whole, sound interpretation of Life, precisely as Spirit is delivering itself through the universality of the creation, whatever the appearance of the creation, one knows this divine imagery to be as absolute for the Universe to express — since the Universe, regarded either as Mind or Body, is really the embodiment of the Divine Mind — as for Spirit itself. But confusion spreads in a twinkling whenever one resorts to a mode of gradual interpretation based on the human plane of imagery. So man continues his argument, and the apparent gist of it may be thus construed: “But my reason tells me that there is no positive revelation of Truth to any one to-day. That revelator does not appear who can also demonstrate such a theory practically. If this doctrine be true, then why cannot this illusive heaven and earth be immediately dispelled? Truth should demonstrate itself reasonably ; else why was reason given us?” There is usually a preference shown for progression rather than for the immediate fulfilment of Spirit, yet where does one find a sign of anything which re-

semples progressive Truth? As to whether the man of to-day is better than the man of antiquity will probably continue a mooted question for ages to come. It is argued that man is more refined in his personality, yet when judged by the standard set by the Mosaic Law, or by that set by men and women in their judgment of others, one will have to confess that the cardinal sins have not apparently lost a jot of their unholy activity, and that Sorrow and Want are presenting no feebler claims upon the personal life of man than were their claims upon the race in olden times. Moreover, with the greater outward polish, it is obvious that the tooth of suffering has lost none of its sharpness for a bite into human vitals. Indeed, knowledge has seemed to have dipped this tooth into a more corrosive poison than formerly, or it may be that present day things appear more real. The Spartan boy wore his cloak so as to conceal both his theft and his wound, but to-day there seems no cloak large enough to cover the sin and the wound both. Moreover, the wound betrays the sin, and we have all exposed the wound.

For the cloak which conceals the sin seems to have hidden man's spiritual knowledge from his sight. To many it is a pleasure to read occasionally, perhaps at stated intervals set by some religious sentiment, the words of one whose whole life was given to instructing men concerning the beauty and holiness of their present existence, so that they might keep this beauty

and holiness always in view. Yet these words will appeal only to one's intellectuality without enlightening one's heart, unless one receive them for their constant inspiration as he demonstrates them in the midst of his kind—his kind universally. Some formula of Paul's often proves a medium of grace by reminding one of the spiritual nature of things. This message of his to the Romans is helpful, "For that which may be known of God is manifest unto them: for God manifested it unto them." And the words which follow remove every limitation that one might possibly ascribe to the foregoing message: "For the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity." And he adds, "That they may be without excuse."

Thus Paul viewed Life, and thus reviewing it charged man with neglecting the things of Life because of his not perceiving them from this natural point of view, since there was no reason created with him to excuse him from not seeing the things of Life, things which he believed to be invisible solely because the natural point of view was unreal to him. Still Paul did not wholly reject reason, but used it, as he probably believed, consistently, and probably reckoned it among the common-sense blessings as something he could use for the better informing of his way. His intuitions were spiritual, but

his was not that temperament which bent itself to patient teaching, and so, when denouncing the literal instinct of man, he never spared the beast. Yet, doubtless, the man to whom he showed impatience, to whom he gave no patient hearing, was the one who accepted, either bestially or with bovine placidity, the animal nature as natural to the exclusion of the angelic.

“Can they who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?”

Paul asked for the glorified body for all. Naturally enough, no one really wants to image his life abnormally. He would preferably efface the transparency upon which such figures cast their light and shade. Indeed, he would probably preferably wear the radiant garment of the angel, that garment which would clothe his thought with its inspiring Light—provided he could only wear it and retain a few earthly tastes and habits. Naturally, one thinks well of himself. It is divinely necessary that he should so do since it is divinely natural; happily, moreover, one is not always aware of the hideousness of that nature which, after all, is only an inferential delusion. But the one who has walked the way of Knowledge with others prefers insight to delusion. For the seemingly incurable “fixed idea” is manifestly a preference for a form of delusion; but one now well

knows, in order to avoid the subtlety of that which appears as Mind,—although as a mind given to many regretful memories, and so often conscious of preying on itself in the most horrible manner,—that one must turn with a resolute constancy to the wholeness of the Divine Expression which is pervaded and covered by the Mind Absolute.

VI

A FABLED Argos could not keep the necessary number of eyes open so as to prevent the spell of an entire somnolency, and so failed to watch over the metamorphosed condition of another, which, under the obsession of still another's will, he had believed that he could do. According to the terms of obsession only a stronger will, or the employing of some subterfuge, is needed to dominate a weaker will, though it is also believed that this obsession will yield to an even stronger personality than that dominating. One may deceive himself regarding his constancy in spiritually focussing the things of life. For one may believe that he has a hundred eyes devoted to a watchfulness of his spiritual affairs, and that if he permit some of them to go to sleep he shall not have reason to deplore such yielding. So he believes while perhaps overlooking the mercurial piping of that which he calls temperament—his nature—which blows hot or cold, according to his

varying moods ; blows hot from some inward anxiety, blows cold from the chill of indifference, until he is weary from so much puffing, and what sight is left becomes feeble or heavy-eyed from mental drowsing. Then the broad, deep, high fluency of his thought seems to have lost itself, or else been transformed into a trickling stream of fancied good, so slender that it is ready to break from its attenuation, thus appearing no more dependable than a rope of sand, of which it is suggestive. One has to admit sight for a single direction, but how broad is this direction ! And how infinitely broad is that sight which can cover it ! It is the sight of the single-eyed, the Sight which creates the Light. Or would you say that it is the Light which creates the Sight ? But we should always remember that Sight and Light are increate — and likewise the Unit.

VII

It is a great mistake for one who has some slight knowledge of spiritual results, derived from an equal knowledge of spiritual Power, to expect physical results from spiritual treatment ; for every benefit thus derived is of the spiritual Nature, and should therefore be regarded as permanent. To watch the functions of the body rather than the grace of the Soul is harmful to the interest of the individual. It is quite true that when Truth's beneficence touches

a man by his invitation the sense of physical distress vanishes from his conception of Life ; for the conception wherefrom the crucifying trials seem to evolve themselves disappears in an exact proportion to one's absorption into Spirit,—although an obvious exemption from physical troubles for some who are accounted irreligious may seem to refute this assertion. For to be more and more absorbed in Spirit is to increase more and more one's knowledge of the true Self, of one's real Being. It is in this manner that one comes to the understanding of how God gives the increase. It is in this manner that the forceful occupation of one's thought by some undesirable assumption as thought is dissipated. And in this manner pain as an obsession loses its grip whenever one is firm enough to try to image for himself the absoluteness of a will baptized in Truth. Then, indeed, the heavens open for one, and one is only conscious of radiating an atmosphere which glorifies one's whole being ; one then feels only his indestructible unity with the Self-existent Being—with the increate Being.

But one has not lost one's individual conception of Life. Instead, one is now regaining it. The Holy Spirit will never absorb one any more than it already has done. This absorption proves, moreover, the vital influx. Necessarily, to image Spirit can be done in but one way : one should instantly perceive one's own universal efflux from the spirit-

ual Source. Then one perceives that his absorption of Truth's influx is quick, strong, pure. The influx and efflux of Spirit thus become the all-absorbing interest, the activity wherein one feels that he lives and moves and has his Being. So as one thus works, continuing to go with Spirit's current of pure desire, of perfect effectiveness, he rejoices to note that his efflux is more nearly spontaneous, and, therefore, far less the result of a voluntary directing of will from mere negation to what, for lack of a better term, he has named the Will of God.

One surely regains his true Selfhood by his absorption in the Mind of the Spirit. The vagarious mentality, which had seemed to thwart his perfect expression of Life, then ceases to torment him. Even the moments of stumbling by the way, which have hitherto written their doleful records on time for a frequent repetition, no longer distort his point of view. He has already learned the unwisdom of judging things humanly either in himself or in others. So he no longer tries to account for his occasional lapses from grace. For if he suffers, he knows that he himself is largely responsible for the miserable conditions which seem to involve him in suffering. Heaven has not been testing his strength by any form of temptation; nor was he unprepared with the essential Power of Life to withstand weakness of any kind. Therefore, he declines to argue with the fictive reasoning element

of the human soul, although he is now aware that it would not, could not, fail of proving him inconsistent were he so to do, as he already knows that the last thing to be effaced from his mentality must be the logical quality which seems to serve as the basic element of human mind.

VIII

CERTAINLY for one to deny the existence of what to one, professedly, is not existent is more paradoxical than to go straight on with one's conception of Truth despite some appearance of weakness. To account for error to friendship was never Heaven's requirement of man or woman. For one's happiness, one has only to account to the selfsame Truth in all, and this because of one's universal regard of Truth. To be concrete in effort is to be consciously universal in result, as one will then start with the Self-gathered Thought — whatever may appear humanity's charge against one. No attempt at a personal concentration will result in anything which is divinely helpful. One may try to withdraw his thought from the world for the purpose of devoting it to Heaven only to believe himself pursued by worldliness, and Heaven still remote. One can forsake nothing. Instead, one should recreate his world, translate his personal thought of it into the individual, and so view Life manifest as Spirit's Universe,

thus to gather all into his keeping, and, moreover, to gather all to work with him even as accompanying angels — the angels indeed. One will certainly be disappointed if he expects his thought to be fluent, or his heart's blood to circulate freely with the natural circulation of Life, which is so essential to comfort and strength, should he not agree with the Infinite Heart's activity pulsating, and pulsating universally, within himself, instead of withdrawing from most things for the purpose of giving himself to a specific few.

This would seem to call for a tremendous human effort, but when one finally comes to the point whence he looks over the field of human knowledge without struggling for its detail, looks from the beginning of that inspirational Knowledge which is the divine right of every one, he is aware that he has been allowing his faculties to be carried through every form of generative speculation; along some lines which required the fiercest resistance; and along other lines the stagnation of which seemed the very extinction of his vitality. Whether he had resisted or surrendered to the subtlety of such an environment, he has learned, would not have changed the obvious rules governing it. So now he understands that there must be no shrinking from the spiritual requirements of the divine effort — an effort which should be actively, instead of forcefully, made. He learns from experience that this effort does not

require the extinction of his individuality for any furtherance of the Divine Will towards his absorption, but that it requires of him that he shall keep his thought in constant touch with the Heart-centre of all Life, so that he shall constantly feel its wisdom and its peace inspiring him for the work of consciously uniting himself with all that is universally divine. And sō instead of giving his attention to the uncertainties of Life, as voiced through his friends' daily arguments, he should feel the sustaining Power within his own thought, and know that the same sustaining Power has its abiding-place in the thought of every one.

Therefore into every deed of the day, into every minute of the hours, into every second of the minutes, and into every breath of his being, should one consciously and diligently express the unity of God in His angels as the Power carrying one's work. Both the visible and the invisible, to the human conception of Life, should be kept alive by the tenderest cherishing of one's thought; be to one the unity of Power, and so the very Essence of that which could never, from the human viewpoint, be regarded as will, since it is unconscious of any opposition, or of any forceful dominion by means of its own Power. The absence of all opposition in the spiritual working of thought is the reverse of what the assertiveness of humanity implies as having to meet and overcome. The duality of power, raised and

fostered by argument, although never really existing, ceases largely as one seeks to gather his own thought to its universal expression. Surely this gathering of one's thought through and for universal expression is the very antithesis of an attempted personal concentration.

The nearest approach to a successful(?) concentration of the specific human will is unfortunately illustrated in the monomaniac, with the obvious result of deranging his faculties. This is, moreover, the sad result to be frequently noted among those who have only a superficial knowledge of the power working through all thought, and who consequently fail to apply it in an entirely spiritual manner. One seems then to have resolved himself into the essence of some single mania whither his mentality is frequently directed, his anxious friends believing his thought to be wholly applied to such pursuit. That it really is not, however, is proven by the successful work so often done by mental workers for such unfortunates, who gather what appears as either subversive to, or unconscious of, the individual interest, and effect, if nothing more, a diversion. Often, however, a genuine service is rendered, if their friends do not put obstacles in the way in the form of diagnostics, which counteract the work done by the mental worker along spiritual lines by suggesting, perhaps only silently, the form of limitation to the individual from which he would preferably be

free. This method, of course, only intensifies his fears — his inner fears — for usually the individual thus obsessed seems utterly unaware that he is not expressing his natural mind, and wonders why his friends pay so much more attention to his peculiarities than to their own. But there has obviously been an inner coinciding with the subtlety of unseen factors until the normal mental balance of humanity appears difficult to readjust, or else fails utterly of readjustment. For one should always know himself possessed of that which would be accounted best by normal humanity. That is to say, one should not allow one's self to believe it at all difficult to enjoy the normal well-being of any phase of consciousness wherein he chooses to continue a form of existence. It should not, however, be his boast that he can demonstrate abnormally over human conditions and preserve his humanity. Each phase of consciousness, doubtless, has its laws which represent a government with a standard set for certain harmonious results. So it necessarily follows that for one's human estate one should embody that which is fluent in him from the Universal, as at one's humanly mental best he is always aware that the Spirit of All-being is the Creator of what he perhaps terms the heavens and the earth. This knowledge of itself, if observed throughout one's daily affairs, shall surely quicken in one ultimately the mental quest for that full understanding which can certainly be regarded by all as Absolute Truth.

Usually, however, when a genuine service is rendered another who is obviously devitalizing himself with sundry manias, there is the conscious quickening of the individual into an intentional absorption in Spirit. For one should always be consciously alive to the divine purpose of his thinking. It is always safer to give one's self completely to this absorption ; but this cannot be done by a merely passive yielding of one's mentality, as there is always the danger present in such cases of some subtle claim of power, which has previously had one in its grip, further tightening its hold upon one. One can only perceive his own absorption of the Spirit of All-life by perceiving also his own thought's receptiveness of Spirit, which will instantly return to him an active realization that the eternal things are the actual things to-day, invisible though they seem in both essence and substance, while the appearance of things embodies chiefly a mind obviously astray. In other words, this surrender of one's will to the forceless, though active, Will of Heaven is not really made until one has his thought ready to give with it. And then comes the infinite realization that one's true Thought comprises the active Will of Spirit — is Spirit itself.

IX

ONE may be tempted by either pride or human self-love to reflect sadly on the sacrifices necessary in order to achieve spiritually ; but to be occupied with translating the unsubstantial and fleshly things of life into their natural status as substantial and permanent does not call for self-pity, although the things themselves have not yet expressed the least inclination towards accepting an established sense of Being. In the midst of some human quibbling over one's relationship to God, one may appear as stating something less than absolute respecting the Divine Nature, but, so far as one's written and spoken language will permit him, he should steadfastly express his consciousness of unity instead of a belief in a mere relationship with the Holy Spirit, — which unity can only be expressed by his earnest desire to be one with all in the Life of Spirit. One may also appear to be offering some bribe of health or happiness to others in his desire to convert them wholly,—to turn their thought absolutely to the Source whence Understanding proceeds. Yet one should explicitly state—the one who accepts or adopts the office of fellow-helper — that the sole cure of a man or a woman comes as the heavenly Light to complete an effacement of a self based on a personal expression of Life in preference to the individuality founded on the Eternal. All the minor,

trifling rules, which seem so prejudicial to one's personal interests, either for or against them, will have no power over one while he acknowledges to himself that there is but one Cause of all Being, and that this Cause is the everlasting fulness of Spirit revealing itself through his own manifestation of selfhood whenever man is ready to heed fully the revelation,—that Cause which, if it could possibly fail in the exactitude of its purpose manifested throughout its entire expression, even throughout the World of Appearances, would extinguish all being.

Still man appears attached to his worries like the proverbial dog to his bone, but the chief difficulty arises from his own unwillingness to detach himself from his obvious troubles. He even implies that it would prove but a futile attempt at taking the Kingdom of Heaven by violence were he to abdicate his personal view of Life by taking the divine as the real standpoint; and usually men honestly believe that God is not yet ready to have them work directly from His strength instead of depending upon some material prop, concerning the existence of which, one later learns, He at least has never dreamed. Even the years of an intentionally faithful service have apparently to accumulate before one is fully aware that though his single effort, unite himself as he will with others, should be earnestly continued, yet because of his absolute

unity with all, the full translation of what appears as humanly rendered cannot be carried into divinity while the inner sense of any one appears subjectively, and therefore objectively, at variance with itself. So man appears to be his brother's keeper in adversity, but the united faithfulness of men, aided consciously by the angels, will not hold forgiveness necessary for other creatures, for other men, who have not yet gladly, and so have not yet willingly, accepted a knowledge of their power in its simple directness, but continue to speak of the gloom cast by Heaven's intention upon their way, and of their present helplessness as if it were induced by the Almighty for their future good. They evidently try to be honest believers in their assumption of what the Nature of Heaven is like, and so are given to regarding anything at variance with their opinions as oracularly fanciful. Nearly spent, we have all peered through notional hedges upon the ridiculous doctrines of those who were performing inside ; but we have not all learned how to focus the mental eye upon our own personal performances. And so we have not all learned that the single mania of every individual is that of being a doctrinaire. Every one seems to have some specific notion of his own whereon it would not seem difficult to found a school of theology were it not for the inner modesty—humility?—or the inner unwillingness to take so much trouble for an unappreciative race ; to mortify

one's self for the small result of a few possible intercommunists.

But every thoughtful individual has doubtless observed that, although his plans were religiously made for a certain direction of interest, they were as often set aside in some unavoidable manner, and the work carried as if with an obvious deliberation for his interest,— as though the angels themselves were dealing with him kindly,— which service later, when the season of anxiety was over, he gratefully acknowledged. The probability is that one regards but slightly the legions of angels attending all his ways, although he is giving to the human span of life an intentional spiritual positiveness ; that is to say, one seeks positively the directing of the Almighty. But he has not probably believed that he could trust Heaven fully to deal with his mundane affairs ; still, possibly, the things that he has believed so mundane, and, consequently, as only humanly established, have been transfigured as by a miracle, and he has known himself to be as secure and well-supplied as if all his prearrangements had stood the test of both time and circumstance. Or one may have believed that it was necessary for him to look after his earthly affairs with a diligent eye himself, although still trusting in Heaven for its blessing, and so has been astonished by the magnitude of the blessings, unexpected as a whole, which have come into his life — perhaps he has said, undeserved by him ; and certainly one accomplishes

nothing without the positive application of himself, — of all he is and has. Or one may have had some work to do which has required all his power, while he continued to trust in Heaven's conscious directing of his way in Truth, and in its love to supply his life with intelligence and the means necessary to possess the Kingdom. His Treasure he gave to the Kingdom, and continues to give it, and its wealth of revealing is for him an ever-present supply. Therefore, his thought never comes to the point of destitution in any form, and so precisely what he has in thought is happily embodied in his life. From personal conflict one has probably learned the wisdom of keeping his thought free. The discussion of what pertains to him as rights has, therefore, ceased to interest him. Whatever is spiritually right for him to do best fulfils the purpose of his soul, and this soul's rights, he now understands, cover the Universe. So to everything that hath been made he knows himself the present heir. He can take its wholeness to himself and leave it whole, undivided, to every one whose sole desire is to possess it in its entirety. For this Universe is not an abstract wholeness outside himself, which is yet to him a world composed of external things to be conquered, and thus won by a forceful power. He construes it instead as essential friendship, the House of opulent Love, the daily Bread, the Intelligence with which to express himself to his self divinely.

So he will consider himself neither too good for the ordinary companionship of Life, nor too evil for a constant communion with the angels of Heaven, with the Host within the hosts, since he will now interpret terms spiritually. The ability to express one's inmost thought understandingly to one's self sustains and strengthens itself by use, while one is convinced of his heavenly completeness. It should be remembered, however, that one's thought is not strengthened by occasionally substituting for it some different interpretation adapted to one's fear in an hour of extreme need, although this inner knowledge has been known not to fail one even then, unfaithful though one has been. Happily, when one knows surely that this Power irradiates his thought and clothes it with the habit of Spirit, his fear of dependence vanishes, while in its stead reigns, not a sense of independence, but that consciousness of the divine interdependence which unites the heirs of Heaven on the common plane of Being, by means of manifesting the same Power springing from the same eternal Source. So one comes to feel the atmosphere of Paul's heavenly words :

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ : even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blemish before him in love.”

ONE AND ANOTHER

I

AN unfaltering faith and an exhaustless endurance are required by One who is offering himself as an aid to Another who is looking upward from the humanly circumscribed deeps of some apparent pit for a real helper ; for some one who will take his hand, and unflinchingly lead him to the safe and happy plane of Being. One's will must be sturdy enough, his principle must be sufficiently established in himself, to rouse Another to the necessary effort for freeing himself from that hapless sense of being which makes the human periphery a limitation which enforces suffering. Both firm and tender must be the hand extended, and truly strengthened should it be by a heart interest of such magnitude that there shall be no shadow cast later by One's compromising with the dictates of a fear of consequences either to the helper, or to the helped.

One could not help Another in the least if he were to permit Another's habitual indecision to affect his own government of the work being intentionally done for Another's good. One would, were he thus yielding, be as helpless as Another to

whom he is presumably offering his aid, and it might then prove far more difficult to restore One's own thought the second time than it was the first. No good can be effected by putting One's self in the place of the obviously unsupplied needy for the purpose of rendering a completer service. Instead, One should place Another, whose need is so apparent, in the Christ-centre of Being by confidently assuring Another, both silently and audibly, that this Centre is the stronghold of every God-child, and that Another is already well-equipped for this place—his real place in Life.

The hand outstretched to aid Another must not quiver with fear. The tone must be clear and undaunted which bids Another, "Hold fast," when to Another the road to the Kingdom of heavenly Peace seems long and steep. It may appear to Another that he is at the very foot of the Mountain of Delight, and that in order to attain its shining crest he must scale this mountain in weakness, in pain, in despair. It may also appear to Another that One to whom he is looking for aid, uncharitably, or else in ignorance of his weakness, is not doing all that should be done. Moreover, it may seem to Another, whose outlook is from the depths of helplessness, that One, whose outlook is from achievement, has forgotten how to be kind, has grown cold and pharisaic in the midst of an assured ease, and entrenched himself in an opinion that he assumes to be infallible.

But nothing of this argument should be permitted to affect One who is trying to open the Treasure of Life to Another's view, trying to enlighten the view of others to a knowledge of this Treasure. And it will not, since One will himself understand that he must resolutely, until he can do so spontaneously, attune his own hearing to that Voice which quickens the soul of man to an understanding of the true Way ; attune his ear with unswerving fidelity to the heavenly Word, that Word which speaks only of Deity's Own through the individual, throughout the Universal, although apparently unheard except by those who desire with constant desire to feel its love quickening through themselves. For One must carry One's self the whole Way,—that Way which shall appear either long or short, according to One's own responsiveness,—as One has learned from experience. So shall it, perhaps, seem a long way to Another who is trying to reach One's hand outstretched from the heavenly plane of Thought ; trying to be sustained by the strengthening word in his ear, spoken as it should be, both silently and audibly, with the earnestness of the eternal Spirit by One to whom he is looking as Truth's divine representative.

And One who knows that the Soul's infinite Treasure of Power is within his own thought looks steadfastly upon this Treasure in Another's thought, to whom this Way is venturesome, although Another

hopelessly admits that there is no other means by which he can possibly gain strength, or even keep his life, since all earthly means are failing him. To Another One speaks of his Treasure as indescribable except in the language of Soul. Yet within the Soul, One knows that there is no necessity for struggling with the details essential to explaining the processes whereby Life is constructed; and knows that the Soul of all created things understands itself as Universal Life, increate, the divine influx and efflux of every living thing. One also knows this Soul's purpose and result to be simultaneously expressed. Whoever sees this clearly will not argue concerning Life for his own instruction, because he will perfectly understand that, if he allows himself a willing interest in his soul's real activity, there will then be the consciously perfect response to this activity throughout his whole being, simply because it will be, without a single challenging doubt or question, the whole of Being to him.

Heaven's handiwork, not being the output of a piecework mill, is spontaneous in its manifestation. "Let there be Light" is the all-sufficient word, and enlightenment is universal. That One knows. For Heaven's Will requires no concentrative effort by a predetermined purpose to gather itself concretely into the Way of its Own appointing, the Way through which it already and always radiates itself — its Light, its Being, the I AM of all real manifesta-

tion. This Way has the length of the infinite reach of Thought, the breadth of the spiritual Universe — and there is none else. The height of Heaven's Love, and the depth of this Love, since it encircles all Being, is One's only periphery. And this One likewise knows.

So, being spiritually confident, One's hand extended to Another is steady for the clasp with the rightness of Soul in Another, even though the depths seem so dark as to conceal the Soul's foundation from Another, and that darkness so to benumb his faculties as to prevent his reconstructing his consciousness of Life alone ; thus to prevent his resurrecting the true sense of his ability, capacity, power, strength, joy, gladness unutterable, — so many names for the hidden Treasure with their interchangeable meanings, that Treasure which should be visible to each, of which all should remind one another constantly, and which then would not seem only an occasional refracting gleam of Light, some illusory ray which causes more dispute than the tangibility of the sea-serpent.

Perhaps to Another it seems slow journeying. And perhaps it seems easier to most to dally with the fears of yesterday and to-morrow than to establish a real selfhood from a real viewpoint for the everlasting things — which, secure in their Nature, engender no fears — of this moment. It seems to many impossible not to prefigure some frightful de-

scent into which it is difficult to keep from plunging at once ; impossible not to argue with an inward dread of some fatal result. So it seems difficult for Another to realize that the beautiful Land of Promise is already his to possess so soon as he pays the price. With reassuring words, One having a quickened vision repeatedly tells Another that this Promised Land is the Field wherein his Life, his Treasure, only seems hidden from him. One tells Another, however, that he must see it for himself, see the glorious beauty of his Being for himself, in order to know his real Self, although he can never take it from this Field to disport it as fancy ; and that when he permits his sight to view it, he must not be discouraged if others appear not to appreciate properly the real value of his possession — if it seem still concealed from man. Another must, moreover, work diligently to earn its price so that no doubt of its possession shall betray his ownership for a single instant ; become so absorbed in its purchase as to have no interest else than getting others to help him acquire it consciously ; and trust in it absolutely for his own ability whether he be waking or sleeping. So One instructs Another that this Treasure can never be shown as a personal interest ; that it can never be an exclusively personal possession, although it will forever be all his own because of his unity with the creation ; and that essentially his individual interest must ever be in the undivided whole.

It is probable that what One at first says to Another, Another's reason will reject. But the words will be spoken to his Soul's intelligence, and, because of his desire to be spiritually receptive, he will gain a clearer and still clearer view as the communion between One and Another continues, which it should forever do. For One teaches Another that a great Light is forever emanating from the Source of All-love within this appearance of man, and that One sees it shining through Another as through himself. This Light One speaks of as being infinite because it is the sight, increate, which manifests itself as the whole Light through that which it sees; and that, thus seeing, it eternally establishes its Own substantial image in what it sees, whereby it expresses through this manifestation all life, all intelligence, all power, with Spirit's Own unchangeableness. So the perception of this manifestation, this creation, becomes the spiritual vision which is termed the Universe — all that which hath been made. And so this range of vision One names Infinite to Another, who asks during his period of discipleship for some letter as a means of communication with his friends. He is told that he has the same Power and the same Being in himself as he sees in the confident spirit of the friend seeking to inspire him with a divine interest in the true Self, and that he should try to possess himself at once of the substance of things hoped for by turning his

thought to the Absolute Power working within him as ever-quickenning Life, instead of weakly submitting to a fancied dominion causing pain, dissolution, death.

“But I want to be well,” is Another’s cry.

“I want to do well,” responds One who guides. The “I am” with One declares itself “I do.” So One does not sit idly, merely created. An enforced passivity leads to rebellion. For the angel is not Heaven’s pawn but Heaven’s very image. That Thought which centres in the Infinite One is being carried quickly from Being’s centre through Being’s circumference, although never for an instant separated from Being’s centre — a divine radiation of Truth’s present, only sphere. This Thought contains no untruth, no indecision, no incertitude. It has its perfect environment because it is its own environment.

All this One who stands with hand extended to aid those who are seeking the Light on the Way must have written in his heart with the Christ-blood, as he communes with Another who should redeem his will through his Creator’s, even redeeming it to the same spontaneous expression of Life,—always without fear because of being always conscious of the full glory of Being. To Another there seem many steps, and frequently the day is all night, with not, apparently, a ray of light, but with a gloom so tangible that the dreadful penalty for back-

sliding seems to have spread its pall in anticipation of some such event, coming as the vultures are said to come just before the event suggested by their unholy appetite. The gloom suggests to Another that the pit without foundation yawns deep and long and wide beneath him, although he, fainting, believes the worst is yet to come. One has seen the struggling, wrestling, of Another ; he has probably passed through a similar experience himself. The waters of the Red Sea have seemed to spread themselves with a tumultuous insistence before him as if greedy for some too long-coming, delicate soul. But these waters had retired, evaporated, or, best of all results, been converted into the water of Life, and One has seen the firm foundation of that channel — man, the divine Temple — through which the River of Life flows. Within himself he knows the Spirit of Christ walking the wave. So to Another he says :

“ Hold fast, my friend ; to this day has the Spirit of all Life brought you. Through all the æons of time, through all the many phases of existence, that you have regarded as Life rather than to take hold of that consciousness of Spirit which should be your abiding sense of Life, eternal and unchangeable Life, His Love has borne you. You now stand in Spirit’s safe place, even as you have always stood, sustained by its strength, and absolutely free as to your manifestation of its Power. Rouse your fac-

ulties anew ; gather of Spirit's love, and come with me. This is for you the hour for co-ordination in Spirit. I am here with you to help you, and with me are the heavenly legions, each representing to you the Spirit of the Host."

Thus gathered, Another is re-inspired. His strength is renewed, and the journey from slumbering faculties to the full consciousness is continued with a refreshed purpose. At last Another stands consciously beside One who has served him as a beacon ; who has worked to save from an apparent wreckage his health and happiness,— the well-being and joy of the true Consciousness. Not that One believes that this Consciousness can possibly be forever lost to Another. So far has the Treasure in the Field been to One a beacon, a stronghold, a divine means for overcoming the burden of anxiety, and of what would otherwise have proved tedious hours of protracted service. One has worked as faithfully as though he had had Another's problem of Life to solve for him, and it is not for him to question the accuracy of Another's solution, the thoroughness of his efforts, — whether Another has solved what appeared to him the mystery concerning the unity of Soul with Body, or has left the matter contented with a modified relationship between dual points of being,— a mere self-satisfaction which may later shadow forth the same unconceived, inconceivable, pit. But while the call was in

One's ear, One could not turn from it, or yield to a sense of much-needed rest for himself, that rest which would seem so necessary in order to meet the exigency of the stern demands upon him.

The Treasure which opens itself to One by the work done in the Light of the eternal Day can never be presented as a crux for irreverent or useless discussion. But has he found his work easy? Sad, indeed, must be the result of digging pitfalls for the unwary feet of men. If the sins of omission labor along parallel lines with the sins of commission, One may well doubt if there is any other way so easy as the one of service through which he passes, expending in this service the hidden Treasure of his Field, the Field which he has once bought with the price of suffering, and which he must again buy with his gladness; his Eden which once seemed so fearfully guarded by both sword and fire. For when Another with whom One has worked with spiritual ardor, yet, apparently, so arduously, stands beside him on the level plane of Being, he cannot say, "I have finished my task, and so can yield to a weariness which overpowers, and, therefore, devitalizes me." One has learned from his work with Another, work which will doubtless name itself experience, and One must now work steadfastly on, continuing to apply the Power within him, and with the happy Knowledge that this Power is his very Life. Is this easy? Well, is there any other way? Can you show me a better way?

Within himself, One knows that there is but One. There has never been Another ; there will never be any interest other than his own. For within himself is treasured the same Being that occupies all.

II

ONE willingly heeds the sorrowful appeal of Another while he thinks that his companionship of work is effective for good results ; but when One notes only a selfish indulgence in grief by the individual whose claim upon him would otherwise be great, he also notes the unadvisedness of proceeding further until the individual himself is really ready for One's office. In some hour of bereavement and trouble perhaps it may seem to Another that his personal suffering is greater than others have suffered ; that he is passing through straits of grief and denial unknown to others, although it may be said of him that he is not denying himself the luxury of selfishness on account of his own great love for others. Instead, he lies supinely before that which, if he were to open his thought to receive it as his natural right, would exempt him — or rather render him immune — from sadness and pain always. Sometimes One says to Another thus grieving, "Arouse your will ; take hold of your true Nature. Be one in your Christ-nature with God." This

seems the simplest way of instructing Another to a more intelligent knowledge of what he can really be. But, alas, often comes the answer from Cant, "One should be obedient to the Will of God. If it is His Will that I should suffer, then I must suffer ; then I must submit. I must resign myself to His Will." Yet this same individual is ready to lay his burdens on the will of any one who will assume such a load, upon whom, he will explain, he has righteous claims, while, by such claims, he is further depriving himself consciously of the good-will of divinity. But this mental attitude he excuses by professing that he would not thus arrogantly assert his own will against receiving what the Father has in store for him, while sadly unconscious of the arrogance and conceit of such professed humility.

To many, such assertions will have the ring of real piety. Moreover, of some it may be truly said that they willingly suffer because they sincerely believe the Will of God to be thus manifesting itself in some way unknown to them through their suffering. About such a mental condition, there is a piteous sweetness and resignation to One who apprehends Life from the consciousness of man's real possession of Power ; a pity that he has to overcome quickly so as not to add to the suffering of Another for whom One is therefore permitted to do but little, because of Another's accepting his human view of life as the divine viewpoint, although

probably never reasoning with himself concerning the severity of his deity's justice, or concerning this deity's obvious impotency.

One can then only note that Another appears oblivious of his natural imagery, appears to have forgotten that in the Beginning he was created in the image and likeness of this infinite Will, which in him seems to lose its absoluteness while he is viewing a progressive form of being, and which to him can, therefore, be nothing more than a vagarious human will. So One notes that Another does not appear to know that within his true Soul it is now his happy privilege to image Heaven, or that the appearance which seems to stand in his way contradicting the Will of God will continue to appear until he seeks to realize the Will of God by enacting it with all the strength of its known Power. For the condition that he enforces to prevent his exercise of the true Power is caused by his reversion of the Rule of Being to himself, while arguing that the Almighty Will is the image of human will-power. Assuredly, no one can know the Will of Heaven without first trying to manifest it, and that one cannot do until he turns to it for an intelligent strength, and, moreover, with the earnest purpose of adding himself to the heavenly sense of others, instead of to their obvious unwisdom — foolishness. But this is to be done with a glad, untiring willingness. Then one will comprehend that whatever is expressed will-

ingly is also expressed gladly, and, with this awakening, he comes into the understanding of the ever-rejoicing Mind, of which he himself is the perfect image and likeness whenever he manifests it fully to himself, and so without any personal reservations.

Now Mind without expression would be self-effaced. The infinite Light of Heaven would go out in darkness. There would be no place for Power if there were nothing to fill the place. Man, who professedly glories in being the Temple of the Living Mind, would be as negative as the mirror from which he sometimes believes himself reflected, but which receives no lasting impression of his presence. That which had believed itself so much as an appearance at least would be effaced — would have never been, as there would be no mind to chronicle either its appearance or its disappearance. There could then have been nothing to annihilate. So the thought that man suppresses because of his submission to his deity, as he believes, can never prove a safe guide to his spiritual expression — manifestation. Instead it will unhappily seem the guide to that which evokes misery and consequent despair, so proving a very demon in its creativeness, whereas the true Mind is the glad Soul always. For its effusion is spontaneous, and it neither erects barriers, nor fancies that aught else can erect them so as to prevent its Own perfect expression.

The individual who accepts suffering for his hapless portion is usually sure that none other can suffer as much as he does, unless it be some sad object of his earthly affection. In this respect there has been no niggardly dispensation from Heaven — if one believes that he is receiving such a portion as the distinctive regard of Heaven. Nevertheless, they are few indeed who, although professing to have been thus regarded by Him Who knows no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning, do not turn to every source available as a possible remedial agency. But the healing grace, misapprehended, of course fails to come in its blessed fulness. It is the apparently substituted mind which, offering itself as the regulator of a man's life, diverts the attention of man from his true expression, and so proves the obstacle by causing a man to believe that whatever comes to him, whether desirable or not, must surely come directed by the personally attentive Will of the Creator. By such a mode of reasoning, the true statement of Life appears perverted as to its essential meaning; for one should know absolutely that whatever comes to one surely comes from Heaven, and is therefore for his present happiness.

Moreover, such jugglery between profession and fear makes one appear to be willingly occupying a false position; of being a wilful falsifier respecting his religious standpoint. Yet it should be conceded

that the individual who probably believes — and probably believes that he sincerely believes — that to be his spiritual doctrine rarely sees himself from this analytical viewpoint. He may be a devoted religionist, but totally devoid of any spiritual atmosphere for others, simply because he is obviously without anything which could possibly pass for spiritual discernment, for divine conviction, although he may use a formula of religious belief slightly in advance of the mere pietist's.

It is often asserted that one is afraid to use his own judgment. Perhaps his personal modesty declines thus to arrogate the heavenly Power to himself, for not yet has it come to him always to know his own ability to construe judgment as the heavenly Wisdom, of which he is even now divinely the image — an imagery which even now should be all-pervasive in his consciousness. It is commonly believed that human faults must first be scored before one is worthy to view himself divinely. This scoring will, indeed, seem a fearful arraignment to the best of humanity. The darkness of some fancied pit fills one's imagination ; the Light of Heaven is then forgotten, and man does not then seem to know that it is his mental absence from Almighty Love which causes all his trouble ; trouble that he himself could dissipate were he only to turn his thought to the Being increate, and so unchangeable, within himself.

It does, indeed, seem a long while between the beginning and ending of that judgment which is construed as condemnation ; for while one is reviewing his faults, even if but to deplore them, they have a horrible, a terrible, fascination for him, seeming to hold his gaze spellbound. One then seems helpless, bound to inertia, while dream-things hold full sway as they weave pictures upon the self-imposed screen between him and his real Soul. One is reminded of Milton's Satan, that arch-conjuror sitting, during Eve's troubled dream, "squat like a toad" close to her ear, to be thus found by his legions. To say that this is self-delusion is to account for it, and thereby to admit a power which was never Heaven-ordained. It is a tenet of the Christian profession that one should always hear the Voice carrying only the true Word ; that one should always feel the Spirit of Christ in every one. Those who are sick, in prison, sinners wherever and however they may appear, in them all is one to behold the Christ ; to love and be attentive to the heavenly Guest in each. Hence, not one thus professing can successfully justify himself for defective spiritual sight by any form of excuse. Nor does the only Nature of man need, or know anything of, justification. To turn to the heavenly Heart is to feel Heaven's all-absorbing Love ; nor should one turn unconscious himself of carrying this Love. To be unconscious of its Presence as vital Good in one's life to-day — to

be heedless of it — should sufficiently account for any suffering. To attribute the suffering resulting from one's inattention to its Voice — to its Will — sufficiently accounts for every obvious misfortune so soon as one views the things of Life by the Light shining on his Way.

III

THE work attempted by One for Another should always be done from the spiritual centre of One's being. The real atmosphere of Life should be felt glowing with the living Light within the soul of him who is trying to quicken others to the true perception of Heaven's present inspiration ; otherwise the worker will miss the blessing himself. Through his whole being should be felt the strong, though gentle, radiation of that flaming Essence which should also be interpreted as the increate, conserving Centre of all that which hath been made. The Light therefrom must be sufficient to illumine his own way so that therein shall be found no darkness at all. This Light should be to him the Power irradiating his environment ; be to him father, mother, lover, friend. Its essential meaning should so occupy his thought, despite every contradictory appearance, that he shall know himself its living Sign, heir to its Presence from being its Spirit-sustained instrument ; from being the heavenly channel through which its Power enacts the works of Universal Will.

Hence he should not lose his active consciousness of its present work through him as Universal Will by a form of meditation which will betray him by leaving him negative as to resolution, indefinite as to purpose ; for then such failure of active expression will tend to a slumbering and dreaming which will, while it lasts, be to him a sense of dual existence, from which he would so gladly be aroused—a duality which is apparently causing him as much suffering as if he had no knowledge of the working of absolute Truth, and so no knowledge of how immune he ought to be from such temptation. Meditation, without putting the thought-power into effect rightly, is sure to become a merely speculative interest in divine affairs, even when one feels sure that this will not prove his mental procedure, and that he can easily continue that sort of dreaming and, meanwhile, concentrate his thought upon its spiritual direction. But one falls far short of success if one fail to regard the cost of spiritual building. He who works with an earnest purpose soon learns that this building covers the thought area of a full Mind ; and so that this thought can withdraw itself from nothing living with the intention of devoting itself more particularly to other signs of Life without an apparent depletion of his own mentality. Accordingly, one should contemplate Love from the heavenly Source of Knowledge without limiting himself to a partial view, since the Whole requires that spir-

itual discernment which absorbs one, soul and body, for the righting of one's perspective by his whole attention to it,—which, therefore, should be done with a bright cheerfulness instead of with the spirit of asceticism.

So one is to devote himself fully, and with an untiring interest, to his subject ; to that which he has hitherto probably regarded as duty-deeds ; and so to this interest he is to give, instead of the allied fancies of the World of Appearances, the unity of all Thought ; that which is always gathered because of its spiritual concreteness, and which is thus representative of the divine Life — Intelligence — as the concrete Will, the absolute Soul of everything springing from Deity. To wait for a season of meditation to clear the mists from one's spiritual sight is to imply a presupposition of unreadiness, of doubt, resulting from periodic inactivity. For while one's thought is consciously availing itself of its inherent power for the purpose of uniting itself with all in the divine association of ideas and interests, this inherent Power is revealing itself to him as the inexhaustible Treasure upon which one can constantly rely without any fear of impoverishing it ; upon which one should always be drawing consciously, even if one's need is nothing more than a newness of thought for the giving of thanks to one's Blessed Consciousness for being thus blessed.

Many have doubtless learned from unhappy ex-

periences that the moment one stops his active manifestation of thought, even if with the sole purpose of meditating upon its quality as Spirit, it becomes to him a debatable subject which he had better avoid, or, best of all, have no desire to analyze. For whenever anyone attempts to analyze Spirit, to do anything except be conscious of its present wholeness and power in himself, he is aware of appearing detached, of appearing set aside, from its communion. Then Life immediately loses the beauty of its permanence for him, his vision becomes distorted, and he proceeds to mirror himself in his objective world as a creature incomplete and frail, and, therefore, corruptible.

But One who sustains his thought by resolutely keeping it a waking delight, as he mentally views, from the Mount of Transfiguration, the glory of Heaven revealing itself,—even through those who profess to have only partially alive faculties, and to feel the hurt of an impeded circulation, solely because some portion of the thought-system appears closed, thus to be rejecting the ingress of Universal Power by failing to use it consciously, — is carried by his point of view through the World Indescribable, his vision holding for him the full measure of things — past, present, and to come. So the “Mount of Panoramic Vision” is transfigured by the Soul-light into the present Substance of the Eternal, and the power of it, and the glory of it, are

to be found within himself ; and found for him to express through the singleness of the Universal Soul as Heaven's blessed bounteousness for each and so for all.

"Thy will be done here and now " is the wording of one's sole desire as One now opens his thought-channels to the current of Life All-divine, and knows within himself that his own oneness with Truth Absolute opens the Way of Truth to his friends also. In the gladness of the moment, the Holy Light becomes to him the shining raiment clothing his thought for others, yet leaving it unclothed in that it conceals no personal estimate of himself from Another who would have the same Light for his wedding-garment, as he also unites his soul with the Absolute.

In One's soul's silence he will hear the Word which forever animates his being. "Bear Thou me, and bear Thou with me," is no longer a petition which provokes the individual to discussion, — as it did formerly whenever One tried to solve the relationship between himself and Heaven. Abiding within the shadow of the Almighty thus has a new meaning as One views Life from the forever-lighted plane of Being. To nestle within the feathers of that Love which moves quicker than a bird's flight through the air is, happily for him, a tenderly demonstrable fact. The pinions of heavenly Power will safely carry One who trusts absolutely in Spirit

from the established Centre of Being to the outermost ends of the earth, while at these earth-ends shall be found the same central Power ; shall be found that Presence which is surely felt by One who has no other place for concealment than with Christ in God.

The earthly child walks with confidence in the parent's sustaining hand. It has the fear of dependence, however, for it may be left some adverse moment alone ; but the child of Heaven is never alone, although it may appear to have concealed its Father in its fancies ; to have its Treasure unknown, even unknowable, by preference. Not even dependent on the Will of Heaven does the Father leave his children. For the same Will reveals itself through Heaven's imagery as the Christ-will.

“ Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing,
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions.”

That cogency of Heaven which seems to be carrying a man in his ignorance to some untoward, unsought destiny is but man's misinterpretation of the Divine Will governing him thus harshly. For Heaven's Will, One should be sure, bears no resemblance to the human will with its disintegrating policy, but should instead be regarded as man's

spontaneous fulfilment of the divine within himself, and precisely as divine within all others. But in no likeness is the image of Heaven to be anthropomorphically viewed if One is truly desirous of responding fully to Spirit's call — to that which is Absolute Understanding.

YOU

YOU! oh, wonderful you! You who speculate whence came you, whither go you! Whose interest is greater in yourself than in aught else! And well you may be interested, for is not your Self the Ark of the Holy Spirit wherein is enshrined, and has been from the Beginning, and will be forever and ever, the Absolute One? But you should not to yourself resemble the ark of tradition which Uzzah had in his fancy, this fancy causing him to forget the security of the real Ark, and to believe that a feeble human hand could prevent its going to pieces when cattle stumbled; causing him to believe that God's Word could be shaken from its foundation by the weaknesses of men; and causing him — Uzzah — to die of this belief. Nevertheless, all your petty conceits regarding yourself are of pigmy proportions compared with what should be your infinite regard, your infinite respect, for the only Selfhood you have — the real essence and substance of your Life. Slight is the call to be astonished at your first wonderment regarding your Nature whenever this knowledge once quickens you. But you are beautiful instead of wonderful, as you are sure to know whenever you base your life constantly on the sim-

ple Wisdom of Truth. If you would only act rather than speculate ; if you would only put your thought serenely into devout action, rather than to believe it too weak to be effective as an absolute expression of Life yet able to endure ages of suffering, how soon would your thought clarify itself of all dross ?

Happy you so soon as you fully realize the glory of your Nature, of your Universal Nature ; when you can look upon an earthworm and see its thought, instead of grovelling in darkness, transfigured in the Light, and so shining with the radiance of the angelic consciousness ; when you can look upon something that you have previously regarded as a pest and see the all-pureness of the Holy One glowing through it, and thus see it transformed in its desire to express divinity. Your heretofore false estimates of Life will then be no more real to you than Plato intended that the passing shadows reflected on a screen in his Socratic figure should be to others.

You have probably believed that you were being sorely punished for your committed sins by some deific or demonic power, and so were unaware that you were being self-punished, and thus punished by your self-repression. You may have looked upon others with an unconscious self-condemnation when you judged them harshly. You have perhaps believed that their wrongdoing had resulted in bitter sorrow for them, and perhaps you have said that because of such wrongdoing God had taken some

dear one from them to Himself, without apparently realizing yourself that, were this so, it should be remarked as a blessing instead of as a curse. With an instinctive devotion, instead of with a spiritual perception, you have prayed to the God of hosts, and have continued to pray, lest some greater evil befall you, even when no answer came that you could construe as favorable to your present interest. In this respect your mental attitude does not greatly differ from that of Caru-datta, as expressed to his friend Maitreya who was trying to cheer him when troubles besieged him ; for Caru-datta, responding to Maitreya's friendly efforts, in a happier moment, begged Maitreya to carry an oblation to the gods for him. But Maitreya demurred, saying, "Why, what's the use, when the gods you have worshipped have done nothing for you ?" The argument concerning man's relationship to God, or gods, has changed but little, you will note, during the ages which have intervened since this the oldest of Sanscrit poems was written ; for Caru-datta replied :

"Friend, speak not thus, for worship is the duty
Of every family ; the gods are honored
By offerings, and gratified by acts
Of penance and restraint in thought and word.
Therefore, delay not to present the oblation."

You may have perhaps only faintly discerned that it is action instead of restraint which is spiritually

effective in your life, but you have still much to learn — with the rest of us — from spiritual experience, which will sometimes seem to you an educative process rather than an immediate conversion to Truth from untruth. Yet you will probably reluctantly admit to yourself that this slowness of comprehension is due solely to your negligence in keeping your thought always gathered to its true expression. Perhaps you deem it far easier to let it slumber occasionally than to know always, whether waking or sleeping, that Spirit has full possession of you. You sometimes, and perhaps often, indulge in an inner complaining, not because you do not know any better after a little enlightening, but because you find it easier to let old habits govern you than to renew the spiritual habit of your perfect beginning by knowing only the absolute Truth of your Being. For you should never voice the spirit of unrest, or a fear of anything, to another ; neither should you ever voice it to yourself, nor should you willingly appear weak or troubled to another. You should not invite sympathy for weakness, but rather should you invite others to a knowledge of your power and freedom that they may know their own. You should think of your eternal Life instead of viewing things temporally, although you should spiritually attend to everything perceptible to you. You should see, instead of weakness and corruption, the strength and permanence of everything, and this you can

do only by seeing yourself with your spiritual vision always. Whenever you have believed it easier for others to do a great work — it may appear only a small one, according to the energy that you yourself manifest — than for you, you have thus believed because you were ignorant of the fact that every effort made by others is a draft also upon your strength and vitality, and because you were also ignorant that the draft will be the more subtly depleting in proportion as your indolence turns to resistance. You have not perhaps known that there is the same exhausting demand upon you from what appears as a will-not temper which keeps you in bed, or which keeps you plodding round a small area, as there is from the human will-power required for a larger work while one is unconscious of one's natural Power. But there is a better knowledge to have: If one calls upon the heavenly Power by using it for the purpose of producing a divine result in the midst of every-day things, one will surely know that the Power which enters into the smallest appearing thing is that heavenly Power which works in the greatest appearing thing. Emerson wrote truly,

“There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all ;
And where it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere.”

But you need to think, and to think truly ; for how few they seem who think at all, even when they claim to be logical thinkers.

“ Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few !
How many never think, who think they do ! ”

You should never permit a jealous note to mar the harmony of your thought. You should never envy any one anything at all, nor will you whenever you truly know that all Heaven is yours, and that there is nothing more to have ; that what you truly have belongs to every one, precisely as what they have really belongs to you ; and that each can gladly take possession of the other so soon as the unmorality of each is effaced by spiritual Knowledge, and each wakens from the need of the Ten Commandments with their suggestiveness. You should never victimize yourself with a self-conscious personal pride, for while you are regarding yourself pridefully you are trying to separate yourself from others, when, instead, you should be consciously trying to unify yourself with all. Spiritual snobbishness is impossible, and the human kind is the veriest vanity — untruthful, and, so, unmoral. Certainly there can be no pride resulting from spiritual achievement since the hosts of Heaven are working all together in our good service, and so to consider one's self

personally in this service must necessarily bring a great wave of shame, when one knows better than to do so, although of neither pride nor shame will Spirit know anything; so the wise individual can only want to feel that which Spirit is feeling within one. But you do not probably allow yourself to feel anything but Truth's love within you, and so you do not lend yourself to irritability, to vengefulness, to petty spite of any sort. Instead, you touch the Spirit of Christ within you, and are conscious of being instantly renewed in the simpleness of spiritual Being. And when you are working with another for his renewal, if any of these qualities appear to write themselves as his human nature, you try, both silently and audibly, to quicken him to his natural sense of Being. So you gather him as you would a petulant, unquiet, unruly child, and try to inspirit his thought to the fact that he is being carried in the loving bosom of the Christ. You can then see in such an individual only the Christ-child, just as you should see this heavenly Child in every one. You will then confidently see that all that which your sight gathers into its perspective is begotten only of God. So shall you help every individual to come into the sound, whole sense of Life.

I

HAVE you any desire to exchange your individual sense of life for another's? Has any one, do you believe? Perhaps you would like some personal characteristic or belonging of another to add to your own. Doubtless there are many things in your mode of thinking that you would preferably efface, so that they should not shadow your life hereafter. And doubtless there are many propensities to which you would like to say, "Get thee hence, Satan;" and note their discriminating obedience to your edict; but, perhaps, they seem without the power of locomotion to carry themselves away, although possessed of sufficient will to adhere to you; to stand in the way of your recovery; to reproach you; to prevent your self-respect. They are obviously your shadow, reflect something of your point of view, and, consequently, are not to be thus summarily dismissed.

But despite such objectionable adherents, you would not be another, get out of your skin into another's, and into his temper, so to speak, for any of the qualities or belongings wherewith he appears personally endowed, although you would like to call a few of them your own. Perhaps it will seem to you, particularly if you have not worked for similar attainments as his yourself, or have not so much as recognized your natural endowment, that it is much

easier for another to accomplish tasks — they would be tasks to you, you admit — than for yourself. Probably you aver that he has a clearer head than you ; that things come naturally to him and not to you ; or that he has been helped as you have not, and are not likely to be. And you have probably accounted for the apparent lack of resource in yourself by some such line of reasoning when comparing yourself with another who has especially distinguished himself, but whose capacity you would not for an instant admit superior to your own, while you possibly regard yourself as amply competent to give him some advice whereby he might better his condition were he to follow it ; yet with all that he has achieved, and with your better knowledge of how much you could improve his circumstances were you he, you would not exchange your self for his self.

Perhaps you have believed that duty has prevented distinction for you, that yours has been a treadmill way, and that you have not had the time for improvement that you should have had. Perhaps you have been grinding along — been to yourself just a human mill — frequently or infrequently seeking diversion for the sake of the rest which probably failed you, believing, meanwhile, that you had no time for prayers, except, perhaps, on Sundays and certain other occasions, when you did not lose your human sense of selfhood long enough to appreciate your divine ; and so neither the Treasure, nor the

Field for its hiding-place, had any meaning to you. If you thought about it at all, you possibly inferred that once a very good man, who probably was, as he said, the veritable Son of God, taught, concerning Heaven, in a mystical manner, the people who massed to hear him; taught them in such an involved manner that it would be impossible for anyone to-day to solve his meaning, and so it would be useless for you to give your entire attention to the solution of his parables. Why anyone should seek to hide Truth, since it is already so successfully concealed is probably quite as much of a puzzle to you as why, after having discovered it, one should want to buy a field himself to hide it in.

You perhaps deprecatingly affirm that there are many questions concerning Life with which you have neither the time nor the knowledge to deal. How is one to leave the mill long enough for such discussion without depriving himself, and perhaps others, of the necessities, or comforts, of life? Yet you say that you believe in the New Testament teaching, and you would probably spurn another who assumes that you do not believe as you say, and you might also spurn him if he does not profess to believe as you say you do concerning spiritual matters. But instead of merely spurning him, you will probably scorn him as a poor sort of fanatic if he asserts that were you really to believe as you say you do it would naturally come to pass that the

necessary things of life would be abundantly yours. For he would probably also assert that if you believed, really and truly believed, in this teaching, you would then gladly take the time to pray, and the time to care for the supply which would quickly come in answer to your prayer, since, according to this teaching, if you ask and believe that you receive the good is granted you. According to Jesus Christ, one's response is required, as well as one's request, to make one's prayer divine. And as we thus pray, we learn that there is this trinity in prayer: there are the request, the response, and the rejoicing heart. Have you not time for this manner of prayer? Know, then, that time is not needed. Only the faithfully conscious heart is required. And by faithfully is meant trustfully; for the trustful thought applies itself from the fulness of Heaven's gift to the work in hand. Ah, the Prayers of man! for how much suffering they appear accountable!

If you are faithful, then it is not suggested to you from some fabulous burden to offer as an excuse for the poverty of your office in Life that you have no time for the regaining of your health and happiness; no time for the realization of your heavenly Nature. Still, it does not comfort you any to be told that the Father supplies the present needs of man with every essential thing, and that he supplies it also before any need makes itself felt through suffering, while you believe that you cannot appreciate such an in-

terpretation of the heavenly Nature, and while the needs of a barren land, full of tormenting diseases, of rigorous poverty, is a paramount belief with you. For exactly what you think that you do see will surely be the thoughts that you keep in mind to see. This, however, you have not understood,— and you may regard such a statement as too visionary a view of life for your consideration,— that the things of your world, of what obtains with you as a world, begin within your mentality, instead of outside as a detached exterior with which you are to acquaint yourself by means of some comparative form of measurement applied to its external issues.

You perhaps occasionally reflect that, during a day of youthful conversion, you found Life radiant. You then saw things through an aureole for a little while, and were carried by your heart's delight. Since then you have wanted others to believe that you were still conscious of the same radiance, and you would not have your fellows suspect that you often wonder — that is, whenever you remember your early experience — if you were not the mere sport of some atmosphere — some religious atmosphere — which was then hypnotizing you.

II

YOU are aware that your thought lacks concreteness — you probably say that you are lacking in concentrative power. So you find it difficult to

gather your thought to its spiritual quest, to gather it to the effort of knowing that the grace of Heaven is breathing its warm, quickening Breath through what you call yourself. Perhaps you have the care of earthly riches, and multiplied riches are as productive of anxiety as poverty is, since the extremes of qualities have a way of producing the same human result. Although these riches may gratify you with the means for an ostentatious display of possessions, as well as enable you to help others in a kindly way, yet you have envied many a poor man whose ambitions do not keep him on the rack. Nevertheless, you would not exchange places with him for the sake of having his peace.

Perhaps ill-health offers a reasonable excuse, and serves as a cover for your unrest, for your evident dissatisfaction with life. That you are very miserable you often inwardly concede. You say to yourself that there is a preponderance on the wrong side of life -- that nothing you could buy or sell would in the least relieve you. You do not believe that your trust in Heaven is sufficiently alive for you to step forth into Life a free child of God. As yet you cannot understandingly say, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." And as yet you cannot honestly say that you ask for nothing but Truth. But if you could honestly say so, you do comprehend that you would gladly show what is in your heart to every one. For you would not

then feel that there were reservations with which you would not willingly part, which you know are not good for you to maintain — as their cost of maintenance exhausts you spiritually — some of them relating to habits, and other of these reservations relating to doubtful experiences, doubtful because you fear that they do not advance your spiritual interest, even though they are respectable enough from a conventional point of view.

You are perhaps conscious of being unjust to yourself because you appear to support doctrines with which you do not fully agree; you would probably say that you have proved their futility. But you are not sure that the newer letter, to which you are rather more inclined, would serve you any better. Of course this newer letter has offered itself to you as being spiritually authorized to speak with the true Voice, but it has not served you as completely as you believe that Absolute Truth should. Nevertheless, from your reasoning, and from your unsuccessful attempts to occupy two points of view at the same time, it must be evident to you, at least occasionally, that you are not dealing honestly by yourself, and you should be logical enough — reason requires logic for its support, as you doubtless know — to comprehend that Truth is not negotiating for either your soul or your body. Your trouble, however, arises from your not having entertained the absolutely true proposition of Life steadfastly

enough for you to get at the real gist of things. Moreover, Truth has you any way, so, if it could ever know anxiety, it would not have to lose its sense of Truth on your account. But it is so wholly absorbed with its own premise and conclusion as the Divine Unit that it is, in this respect, something like a self-absorbed person: it does not know that there is any opinion of Mind other than its Own. Furthermore, it is its Own law and gospel both. It never has changed its Mind, and you may be sure that there is not the slightest likelihood of its ever doing so. And thus have you probably reasoned to yourself.

Truth walks in the wilderness with Christ, and though evil sometimes appears as a presupposition of some personal power, Truth knows nothing of this apparent condition of government, is conscious only of its freedom, yet unconscious of itself as Power, since its absoluteness is its natural expression of the increate Whole. You have doubtless told yourself in terms of the same meaning that its strength abides in you to use as freely as you will — to use as you should; that it does not ask you to waste yourself vaingloriously in its service; that it has never exacted of you any sacrifice of life, or health, or happiness; and that it has never exacted of you the sacrifice of your notions to its profundity, or of your profundity to its simpleness; for it has never suspected you of having a single notion to

contradict its Wisdom, or of being profound in your worldly knowledge. For Truth, you admit, is entirely devoid of suspicion, of jealousy, of envy, of any mean quality, and so it has never once seen a mean quality in you. But, perhaps, you have not thought intelligently enough about it to know that it sees only itself in you, which is all there is in you for it to see.

It is important, however, for you to know that Truth sees its Own abundance in you ; that it sees its abundance in whatever you may be pleased to call that which is absolutely necessary to your momentary comfort ; and that it is always that which helps you to be of infinite use in Life. Still, you may have believed that there is truth in the human lie, and you may have considered it wiser not to tell the whole truth sometimes. Whenever you have thought of Truth perhaps you have not regarded it seriously enough to credit it with being the selfsame Truth occupying every one. You probably have not reflected that if you were really to occupy Truth's understanding in another, think his Thought — the only Thought given to man — live with his Being, love with his Love, that you would thus be living your own perfect individuality ; and that if you were both conscious of Truth in its infinitude, you would always be telling him the whole Truth whether you opened your lips to explain things to him or not. Indeed, you would not then need to instruct him in the least as to what Truth really is.

You have not really known that you should each see with the same perfect sight, hear with the same intelligent hearing, feel with the same uniting love, and that the real selfhood of each should, therefore, be to each the perfect selfhood of all, and so for each and all the divine comprehension of Life,— a knowledge which would quicken in you that joy so all-inclusive of everlasting happiness that you would then desire its fulness with all that you conceive of desire, and never want to stop radiating it. A narrow field wherein to exercise one's thought, do you say? No, conversely, this is the Field wherein the precious Treasure appears to be buried, although it is the only thing in earth and heaven which is truly revealing itself as one's present possession — as that of which one cannot possibly be deprived.

III

IT may seem to you that life would be very monotonous, if all were good in the same way, and that one might as well die of disease as to be bored to death by the then dull excellencies of his friends ; but you do not suppose that the Mind Divine, with its Universal occupation, though with its perfect, and so changeless, thought, is ever dull. Human success might move one to desire extinction, but — has any one ever known that full experience in himself for which a complete human success could be

honestly certified? As the human creature can view his mentality only in isolation, another cannot, from merely viewing his exterior, say with any certainty what his mental imagery may be. And if one is not analytically inclined, but gives his life thoughtfully to the good within himself, he will naturally enough decide that another's mentality is also occupied with desiring good. Judging man from his personal expression of life, it can then be seen that no one is competent to decide against good as an all-occupying, all-absorbing interest. You yourself are not so anthropomorphically inclined, either mentally or manifestly, as to believe that the best case of abstention from evil you have ever known has fully demonstrated that Heaven's active Good fundamentally resembles its imagery. You may sometimes appear to believe that God is the image of vacillating humanity, yet you have not gone so far on the anthropomorphic journey as to believe that you have seen absolute Good humanly demonstrated. Nevertheless, every day you can see this Good demonstrated; but you will first have to see its demonstration in yourself, and to see it completely unconscious of the human ego, when you will be able to see it in everything and in every one in the same demonstrable way.

IV

YOU complain that your friend has changed. It is impossible, you aver, to sit down to a nice gossip chat with such perfection as his. That he is genuine in his feeling, you are sure, but, alas, the change! Evidently he has effectually disposed of all his previous interest in morbid subjects. He complains of nothing personal to himself, while his chief interest in you is shown by his attempts to convert you to his own impersonal mode of thought. But you aver that you are interested in the troubles of your friends; that you like to know exactly how and where they suffer. You insist perhaps that his is not a communicable knowledge, and that you expect something more tangible from friendship than an interest in your happiness, although your friend should see that yours is the most difficult position to occupy under the sun: that your sensitiveness is more refined than others; that the persecution you suffer from others could never have been the impish award of another; that friendship betrays you often; and that your suffering is the quintessence of all suffering. And this impersonal friend listens to, but is unmoved by, your tale, perhaps finally to assure you that he once believed the story you are telling him to be his own story of life, and that he believes your human experience to be by no means unique. He is willing, however, to help you to regain your

mental poise, and so you frequently seek his help, especially when you find that your place in life appears too tight a fit. You believe that he can help you — that he should help you ; for what is such an impersonal life good for if it is not ready to sacrifice itself to the personality of others? You probably find it rather difficult to overcome your belief that good should gladly sacrifice itself to evil, and in this belief you are not unusual. Did not the Serpent exact this of Adam and Eve ? And did not Cain demand it of Abel's life? Yet Good kept its integrity ; walked in its Garden whole, and still walks in its Garden conscious only of the forthspringing joy of Life.

The one who confesses to having found a resting-place in Truth's absolute place is a very convenient friend whenever you wish him to put such precepts into a vicarious practice on your own account. At other times you are inclined to believe that you have submitted to his dominance in some manner, and this belief provokes some resentment. He may be right, you perhaps say, but you would evidently preferably believe that he is not always so ; for his attitude makes you feel when things go awry with you that you had better have followed along his line ; at least, have made a few attempts at it, so as to have tested the virtue of his method at a few points yourself. Not that you would choose to be considered eccentric by your friends and casual

acquaintances. Eccentricity denotes bad form. The points where consecration and eccentricity differ are not exactly clear to you. The more strongly one's personal characteristics are accentuated, the larger is "queer" writ over him. Even the distinctions of life, stated in definite terms, were at the start involved in risk, for are they not due to differences, to singularities, of expression? What the precise line of demarcation is which marks the way of a genius, has any one made this clear? There are a great many questions suggesting life as a riddle, in one form or another, and so there will be while there are any interested to discuss them; moreover, to such questions you have probably given much attention, not only in this phase of existence which you number by so many years, but it is more than likely that kindred questions have claimed your attention through æons of time. You do not know this to be so, but have sometimes felt that you were old when you started your present plane of consciousness, and that your fancies and your proclivities as a child needed explaining, as something then seemed to open and close intermittently in your memory, which memory the environment whereinto you entered seemed gradually to obscure and efface.

V

YOU have perhaps suggested to others much about yourself which is derogatory to you, and which has returned to you that which causes you to distrust yourself. You believe that people think ill of you — think that you are of little consequence in life — and that they prefer others before you because of virtues they possess which are not so apparent in you, although you are sure that you have as much natural ability; but you envy the favored, and believe that their life is easier, that they have fewer temptations, and are better endowed with pleasing manners to win the friendship of others, than you. But your envy and suspicion give you an unpleasing appearance, and prevent your showing your natural ability. If you have some knowledge of the power of Thought, but are spiritually indolent, then perhaps you suspect others of addressing your thought to harm you, to cause you or your friends suffering, to deprive you of your natural support, and to thwart you in the most of your undertakings. You should, however, always remember the Power with which your Thought is naturally invested, and hold yourself responsible for what you have in Life. Even supposing that others would wrong you by thinking evil about you, or by suggesting evil as coming directly to you, you should not have your hearing adjusted to a perverse, adverse government,

but should instead be yourself positively adjusting your ear to a spiritual communion with the Host in the hosts, as well as manifesting that government which results in good only. You should know the absolute Power of true Thought, and so not weakly allow yourself to believe in any contrary power which can possibly govern you unhappily. There are seven words in the Pentateuchal account of the creation which are very impressive: "And God saw that it was good." What Spirit then saw was the result of this Power. Do you, then, see that it is good now. Begin as Spirit does with its own eternal Power, and then you will have only Spirit's Good to sustain you from any one.

There is so much to say to you! Some of you have understood how this Good eternally obtains in every one; others of you, obviously, but dimly perceive this Good; many of you infer that the constant application of Thought in the right direction is wearisome, but this is solely because you have never really applied your thought to the things of Life spiritually; and the most of you have not yet given your attention seriously enough to know what happiness might be yours were you to do so. So far your efforts have been chiefly applied to harmonizing Truth to error's plane. That you have not succeeded need not astonish you. There is a revelation for you whenever you are ready for it. You will note first what seems to you the wonders

of Mind. You have sometimes recognized your friends by their different odors. Perhaps in the same way you have remembered those who were inimical to your interest. So you will know when they are thinking of you, as their respective odors will then pervade your nostrils. When they are bearing you in unpleasant remembrance you will note the external fluttering in your ear, the vibration of a thought at variance with itself, but when they are carrying you in their love you will feel the strength of their love pulsating in your heart, and hallowing your thought with a tender peace. Nevertheless, you will need to agree consciously with your divine mentality in order to take the first step towards that Knowledge which secures to you the Field of the Hidden Treasure, and which, therefore, will prevent every sort of personal infliction, coming from yourself or from others.

VI

NEVERTHELESS, you have always suspected that you were leaving undone the real work of Life; for the work upon which you were engaged often seemed stealing your moment from that which requires your present devotion. You have believed that you were restricted in your moment, in your means, in your ability, in your intelligence, but you have not known that this sense of lack was induced

by your attempt at measuring Life personally, a task impossible of success. Your prospect mentally covered a wide field, but you contracted it introspectively by accepting some outward design as a guide to follow even while admitting its limitations. Probably in your early youth you looked the world over with ages-old sight, while the experiences of others, aided by your own, kept you disheartened into believing yourself the image of a world-weary humanity, when you should have known yourself the perfect image of the ever-present Spirit instead.

You have constrained yourself to do much which was distasteful to you, and which was not at all in harmony with your moral sense. The unmorality of human life has laid its restraining hand upon you, and you have failed to shake it off. The moral lettering of a provisional law, uttering itself from a false-conception of life, has, nevertheless, lain like a dead child within you, seeming to affect much that you have seen with its wretchedly pervasive odor, as if it filled your world for you ; has lain dead, yet has been kept in the nostrils of men and women as an evil breath because of its suggestions of unwholesomeness and unholiness as the possible desire of man. For whoever looks upon this letter as a righteous guide to a holy life will of necessity be reminded, by his fear, of that which is forbidden throughout human life. Certainly that could be inferred of this Law which its self-proclamation

more than implies, "I both create and destroy." For certainly, all that which is forbidden by this Law comprises the sum-total of human life, and, therefore, whoever keeps it absolutely will nevermore know its conditions ; for to remember its conditions is to recreate the human sense of life, thereby to forget the divine.

You have supposed that two ways were open to your choice — the divine and the human — yet you have always really known that there could be but one. However, this belief has apparently possessed you because you have supposed it impossible to live the divine Life entirely to-day. Still you are sure that the real Life of every one is that Life which Spirit gives. Nevertheless, you have implied by your mode of living that it was your privilege to do as you chose ; to abstain altogether from the true communion with Life if you chose ; or to be wholly ignorant of your spiritual Life while accepting an opposing sense of Life as natural, since it seemed to you an easier way to live. So have you enforced your negativeness as Life ; for the claims of negative being call for great exertion. There are so many things to resist, temptations to other than a pleasurable waste of one's moment, while the price of resistance is still to be paid for in the old sacrificial way — with the fleshly mind suffering all that fear can conceive.

So while you were saying that you were free to

be as negative as you pleased, you have found no pleasure in your choice. Reversely, you have found that you were binding yourself by an untruth, as you were always aware of something present within which called not infrequently for a positive statement of Life from you — a something that you perhaps frequently construed as a premonition of your earthly passing, as a suggestion that you would soon be called upon to attend to affairs other-where ; a symptom which your physician probably imputed to indigestion, and which I should ascribe to your failure to absorb your heavenly Bread understandingly. So your inattention to the Universal Good in your life did not permit that repose of your faculties which you expected to result from their disuse, and so you missed the strength which comes naturally to one from an always alert spiritual rectitude of purpose. But somehow, from some reminding source, you are, and always have been, made aware of your unity with the eternal verities of Life, and, therefore, you have never seemed so detached that they did not show you their essential right to your whole being. For you were not so benumbed by your negativity as not to be, at least partially, conscious of an absolute call to resurrect your thought at once to its true mental plane.

INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE

I

THE memoirs of men, both the great and the small, have an engrossing interest for some readers. The imagination feeds upon the egotism as well as upon the subtler traits of character opened for public inspection by the writer. But the whole self can never be unfolded to others by such incoherent records of memory. Often the personal atmosphere pervading the record is undesirable to the writer, yet so clings to the narrative as to seem coherent with his individuality. Whoever writes concerning Absolute Truth, however, is aware that the personal ego can readily become a hindrance to the desired success of his work. Yet without his individual experience, his work as a transcriber would fall short of spiritual effect because of its lifelessness. Even with a wide experience, both as disciple and demonstrator, if the written word does not portray individual feeling, — although it may be, according to the writer's present ability, a faithful statement of what Truth is to him, — the writer can only express an abstract knowledge of a life apart from those whom he may be truly desirous of help-

ing. The sincerely compassionate soul of any man or woman sets a stern task for itself when, with the first glimmering of the true Light, it seeks to restore the poise of its individuality by a personal self-effacement. The heretofore queer admixture of motes and beams proves more volatile than it at first appeared, although nothing of its quality enters into the real atmosphere of Life for the true thinker. So however his word or his work may appear to others, he should be constantly aware himself that the undivided spiritual Whole has his thought in its perfect keeping, and faithfully remember his own responsibility to the individual in every one, and, moreover, remember to be grateful to each one for the present angelic ministry of every one's innate consciousness — one's natural Thought.

II

WE recall the fact that the memories of Jesus the Christ are of the individual kind. He wrote them absolutely, and therefore fearlessly, with his Life's blood within the heart of every one, — even within the most obdurate heart, since such a heart could not pulsate without Spirit's love, — and he wrote this not only for men of that day, but for man through every generation to come, until the needs of the ages should be obliterated by the real understanding of Soul, when generation shall cease. All there can

possibly be of a past he recorded for every one, being the representative of the creature as well as Heaven's representative. For on account of being Heaven's representative, he likewise represented Heaven's creation. So this statement, "Before Abraham was, I am," records a fact which should be of infinite interest to us all. It sufficiently records every one's beginning. And this statement, with its solemn import, his faithful scribe, the loving John, recorded for us. Each sentence of the Master is alight with a divine message for every child of Heaven. He was not a mere drooling preacher desirous only of retaining his temporal charge. All the things of earth and heaven came within the scope of his observation, while for him it is evident that the heavenly fire within him purified the things he saw of all their obvious dross. Certainly the ministry of Christ, as Jesus' scribes have presented it to us, proves that the disciples themselves were governed by no feeble sentiment concerning Christian living. Their remembrance of his words and acts was embodied through their thought, not only by their appreciation of his work but also by their understanding of the living flame, which we prefer to feel as the Divine Essence within us, and which they faithfully tried to interpret both by speaking of it to their friends and by demonstrating it to the needy. All who later joined their ranks saw for themselves that, to the disciples, Life called for

action as well as speech ; that to be the mere likeness of the Preacher,—merely to preach that life as man obviously lived it habitually was vain, and, therefore, that life held nothing for man's comfort,—was not to represent the whole of knowledge. For they taught that were life lived in this vain way, it would only continue the vanity of both ways and means in one's existence.

Therefore Heaven shone even through the World of Appearances for these disciples of the Holy Spirit. They were converts of the Master, so theirs was not a languid spiritual interest. Moreover, they had doubtless learned the precise manner whereby their personal sense of things had often carried them to, and kept them long at, the foot of the cross. Too often had there appeared an ego the product of bread other than divine ; a thing that seemed to have eyes which saw with the serpent's discriminating acuteness of vision. Paul, who had seen the Christ only in a spiritual vision, bemoaned the personal sense embodying itself in flesh as undesirable, although not to be dismissed at the mere bidding of the personal will. Yet his story is best written by himself in the self-absorption of his communion with Christ in his work. Certainly his was a great work, although it has been believed that he would have been less aware of suffering a human sense to obtain with him had he voiced it less. Nevertheless, each one who relies on the Spirit as the absolute, and there-

fore only, Source of his strength and power will understand Paul's grievance from knowing himself how difficult it sometimes seems not to magnify it as one's own. Possibly, too, Paul occasionally referred to some such experience believing that it would encourage others to maintain their spiritual standpoint when the human bondage did not immediately loosen its fetters at their bidding. I believe that he wrote of his obvious trials only for the purpose of teaching his followers that there could be no emancipation possible from the enslaving of the fleshly mind except directly through the Divine Mind — the Spirit in Christ, and therefore except through the Christ-mind, which is the Holy Spirit — the whole Spirit.

III

SOME of my fellow-workers will understand me as I write of these experiences. Their own knowledge will also have been derived from that which has appeared as either the success or failure resulting from their active work in the Field of Applied Thought — from their understanding of the whys and wherefores of each result. At least those will who have not debarred themselves by yielding to discouragements, and so have not sought by-paths to the heavenly Way, places of human detention where one, dozing, is reminded less of the need of

individual action for a while, and so less of the need of calling upon the Name of the Absolute One for the Absolute Power. Truth does its work so quietly through one that one's thought at present often seems too slow to comprehend that the work is really being done. Yet it may be that we who are trying to work simply are less simple in our dealings with Life than we claim. It may be, too, that we somewhat resemble the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus who slept when the Pagans were persecuting the Christians, but opened their eyes when the Christians were persecuting the Pagans. For we may appear to see the defects of others while failing to see our own. It may be assumed that this course is natural, but it is only personally so. Never will it be natural spiritually — impersonally. From my own experience I have learned that it requires but a brief moment for the genuine worker, the one with a real heart-interest in one's self, to understand that one ought to view all others in the same absolute Light as one views one's self,—ought to view all others as one's self unless one sees a vast deal to trouble one in one's self, when it would be better to view the spiritual increase of another ; to view that which comes directly from the Spirit through every one, whatever any one may claim for himself, than to focus one's sight upon the lack of spiritual increase in one's self.

IV

SAUL OF TARSUS was the antithesis of Jesus the Christ, yet, as always with the human paradox, there was evidence of the analogue, since each earnestly proclaimed God as the Universal Power, although in a widely differing manner. Saul was the right kind of a man according to his light. He possessed all the sturdy virtues essential to the promulgation of his dogma, even to the subtlety pervading every shade of argument. He persecuted the Christians for conscience' sake while claiming for this atrocity the divine authority, a pernicious example, surely, yet an act which has been frequently repeated, even to the present day ; but of such practice it should not be said that he has been followed as an example, since Saul as Paul is probably not remembered as an instigator of such persecution. Later, doubtless, Paul did not find it easy to forget his former religious aggressiveness, and, for this reason, it may have seemed somewhat difficult to accept this inflow of the spiritual Nature of the all-powerful, though unresisting, Christ without some admission of a counter-spirit to subdue. He perhaps felt the need of some opposition which would better enable him to prefigure the spiritual armor that he should wear invisibly as his soul's panoply of war, even though Heaven knew no battle-ground, no arraying of opposing factions. Nevertheless, Paul

knew himself called to the stiffest, sternest uprightness that his inner man had ever known. The Word had come to his ear as the foreword of Truth. He felt himself, therefore, enrolled in the vanguard of a spiritual army, with Jesus the Christ as the leader of the heavenly hosts.

To the Jews he was an apostate, yet Paul was not alarmed by the numerical strength of this enemy. The enemy of Truth that Paul most dreaded was the personal weakness of man. For any one who is living his life personally has the foe incarnate ready to slay him again and again ; to slip him from one phase of consciousness into another, while subtly veiling his vision so that he can see only his own present isolation. This foe then proceeds to involve one in one's thought-world so that one never seems quite articulate ; to corrupt his true sense of Self into a false conception of everything concerning Life ; to bribe him occasionally with pleasure, but far oftener to suggest personal suffering. This Paul taught while demonstrating the Power of Christ ; and the angels went with him to open his prison doors, doors which his fears would have kept locked, and led him alight with Truth to light the true way for others.

Paul was not afraid of friendship's ostracism. He rejoiced in being to others the pioneer of what was absolutely true, even if he was to most nothing more than a mad follower of the crucified " Naza-

rene.” But Paul’s soul was all aflame. It would have left him nothing but charred remains had he not been faithful to its Light. There are many spiritual workers who have had some fellowship with Paul’s experience. One need not trust to the ages to change the personal nature of humanity ; but, fortunately, the individual Nature never changes. When friends pass one coldly by, with the former lovelight apparently quenched by the condemning glance, what vanity there is in one is placed on the rack. And this, my friends, some of us have known. Were this the final finish of vanity in us, all would be well. For to dwell within the confines of the Limbo of Vanity is to suffer from the contracting quarters frequently furnished by some cruel inquisition ; at its best it appears the place barest of comfort.

But to spend one’s day inviting martyrdom is to dissipate one’s energy. Therefore, instead of wasting one’s self on self-pity, one should realize the ability of one’s spiritually-awake faculties for helping others. New converts are usually carried by the heavenly passion, else they are but the sorry victims of slow Reason. May I always be a new convert, repeatedly pray I. So, in the beginning, when I was frequently told that the lack of success in what I at that period regarded as my chosen field of demonstration — that of healing others — would lead to my arrest, the threat only served to establish

me more firmly in my conviction. Still, I would not go on record as a justifier of persecution, but I am deeply grateful to my Soul-consciousness that I had the willingness to stand despite all opposition, friendly or not, and that whatever came to me that early in my work came to me surely as a spiritual aid, thereby enabling me to be true to my conviction, and so to stand without conceding a point either to my own fears or to my friends' fears for me. Because of this early experience, I am confident that I have been proportionately fearless when helping others to stand for a Sign of the Life eternally within them.

Even the educated mental methods of those who were confessedly my foes, confessedly by the advocating and the enforcing of methods which would ordinarily be regarded as adverse to my interest in every conceivable way,—were humanity so unfortunate as to be educated to such a questionable display of knowledge,—have been an undoubted spiritual aid to me, since I have learned from all such efforts directed against me to be more consciously one with my true Nature. As this word is written with the trust that it may help many, I am giving a little of my experience thus explicitly. For one's own thought is really his fortress while he is trusting himself in the open field of Infinite Love. My friends have been among the tender and true of Spirit's children ; yet my friends might have weak-

ened me by their devotion to me as a helpful personage, whereas my foes have probably strengthened me by their detestation of what they chose to regard as my personality. For this reason, I can truly say of those who obviously have not preferably seen me as a child of Light, that I have felt God's love to be absolutely mine, and brought to me by every one of them. I comprehend perfectly that the only Power any one can have is that which comes, is ever flowing in, from the Almighty. I know that whenever another's will directs his thought to me that the angels bring it sped by the Almighty's love of Self in me; that each comes to me with a message which concerns only the Soul's perfection; and that each comes as the fresh morning light with a renewed sense of Being for me. I desire to retain only a sense of the living, loving, glad abundance of the Christ-being in my soul. So I am as grateful to my enemies as to my friends for their faithful work with me. And that it may be as blessed in themselves as it surely is in me is the all-loving desire of my heart. For I remember that in Spirit we are neither friendly nor inimical one to another; we are simply one in the individual heart-interest.

Now I do not regard the preceding paragraphs as a personal confession of strength accruing in my life under great difficulties. For I only allude to this experience that I may thereby stimulate others to a similar comprehension of their power to dissipate all

that which appears miscreate, so to strengthen them during periods which might otherwise prove despairing because of humanity's severe tests. I certainly allude to such experiences only because I am so often asked to rescue others from fears induced, as they believe, by an adverse mental influence. There are really no difficulties whenever one fully realizes that that which might seem an obstacle, and which might from its malignant appearance overwhelm one with a fatal fright, can be instantly converted into a heavenly guide which will happily transport one from fear to faith, when, with this true conversion, comes not the make-believe tranquility of the stoic, the merest pretence of a soul all-serene, but a genuine content, and such a glorious knowledge of inner power as makes the thought a joy too great for the human tongue to express, for the human hand to convey, through the only obvious vehicle it has — a feeble language. Probably many have often felt like spiritually acclaiming words of similar import to these :

“ But gracious God ! how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide ! ”

So one can live rejoicing every moment of the day, voicing one's gladness with the language of Soul, which is the natural speech of every one, and so live with a comprehension of how the perfect

equipment of all to work with one in the only way which is good for all is being exercised in one's behalf. Could I then believe the work done in the present moment other than heavenly when I so well know that every one is working within me with the integrity of the spiritual Purpose? That the heavenly legions are watching with me from the Heart of my Soul, — the place where Spirit eternally dwells watching,—to carry with me nothing more burdensome than the righteous hour in the Life of every one? But if the words that Intellect uses in its argument within itself,—words relating to the conflict between the pros and cons of its discursive being, — cannot tell the story of Life as the spiritual worker knows it, as every earnest heart feels it, I do know this, that the quickness of the Infinite Mind through me, if I but feel its directness through another's thought of Life also, will do the work he desires done—if he will but heed the Word of Spirit. How easy it seems to find the words for the human story! That life believed strenuous invokes its altar and evokes therefrom battling terms, which sinuously glide along like brilliant lightning. But Truth, ah Truth, requires Heaven's comprehension for its expression, for its understanding, and can only be fully told in the Heavenly Silence. It, therefore, requires all there is of every one—far more than appears in any one—to reveal its glory through the spiritual animation of a consecrated

friendship ; and then on, through all that which obtains as a World of Appearances, it disseminates itself, even from the heart of the littlest one who desires to be the incorruptible manifestation of Heaven.

This Word lays bare the heart of man, but it should bare one's heart only to the perfection of Truth. For Truth, the Holy Spirit, that which never saw untruth in its increate Being, clothes the heart of man with a radiating tenderness from itself, — the flower of grace unconscious of pity because of having no knowledge of anything calling for pity,— that which nourishes one's heart with the Bread that leaves one eager for its supply, and which strengthens one from the Life Everlasting in the Life of To-day. All this I know. And I furthermore know that one cannot turn from the Mind thus manifested to a mentality obviously denying itself a happy expression and, meanwhile, feel what both Jew and Christian have termed the Living God. My hour of meditation should, therefore, prove my hour of contemplation during which I behold the glory of Spirit showing itself through its living things everywhere, and, therefore, showing itself universally ; and the glory of this manifestation I should view shining from my own consciousness forever. The remotest confines of earth and heaven should be gathered by the infinite sense of Being in my heart until all becomes consciously mine to love and

cherish always ; and the Perception of this must be to me the living Thought fully conscious of holding all within itself. My knowledge should not prove itself merely some vain figure of fancy, if I would realize my Heaven. So my vision must be to me that which is positive enough, and so free and clear enough, to view that Substance of things which is incapable of dissolution, and not merely a feeble sight which is easily satisfied with posing an ideal — with posing the dream of a visionary.

If I am for an instant tempted to see that which is unlovely in another, I must quickly turn to my resourceful Thought, resourceful because it acknowledges its supply from the unfailing Source, and feel it all alight with the beautiful Light which is like a burning flame, as this flame purifies all the dross which appears if one for a single instant fails to keep his own thought alert. I have no spiritual right to see unloveliness in any one, or to leave it for others to see, until I have first paid my tribute to the true Soul-thought of the individual who is evidently finding it difficult, without some angelic help, to rouse himself from the obsessing claim of an illusive sense of being.

V

APPARENTLY, the real work that one leaves undone is inimical to one's interest ; and apparently, whatever one has struggled with hopelessly to overcome

in another may also help to fasten conditional claims upon the other, and upon one's self also. This I have learned from experience. Nevertheless, the watchfulness due the moment is not such an onerous service as it perhaps seems ; for the devotion essential to a spiritual faithfulness should never prove the sacrifice that it seems to one who would perhaps be readier himself to do a similar work if he were not to believe that there would be so much for him to forsake, and nothing tangible left wherewith to replace former interests. Such caution is unwise, for there is always the spiritual atmosphere to both centralize and enwrap one, so to radiate through one its rest and self-possession, with that consciousness of universal sentiency which speaks with the voice of friendship, and which knows the world of one's inner thought to be the increate Universe imaging the Holy Spirit forever. The impermanent sense of life that one had attached to all that represents the natural and tangible, while one had been erroneously regarding the fleeting tangibility of all substance, — a point of view which would account for much unhappiness,—now vanishes ; for there lives in one's thought eternally the blessed vision of one's all in Life, the whole real world established in Light, from which not a single friend can depart to leave one lonely and sick with a desolating anguish — to leave one with only a partial interest in one's association with the friends who are left.

Certainly one does not need to strain the sight of this Mind in order to pierce beyond the indefiniteness of a present into the vagueness of a future. There is no need to waste the preciousness of one's moment by declaring against the power of illusion when one knows that his wholesome self-application to this Presence within him, from which he desires to have comfort and rest, and every good that he now interprets his own eternally, dispels every shadow, every heart-ache. I know this to be the happy, natural result in my life while I am constantly devoting my thought to the spiritual nature of man — the only Nature of the Universe. I have learned, moreover, that, although I may desire with fervent desire to give my knowledge to every one, each individual must know Life for himself; and that he will regard Life from the precise measurement that he gives it; for true Knowledge is consciously begotten within one only by one's responding one's self to its Source. In this manner is one begotten only of God — God-begotten only. I have learned that Heaven is really the afflatus of the Divine Will, and that for every one it shall be the same inspiring Will to enjoy, to live,—with which to manifest the increate hosts. I have called my Heaven the In-visible — the Inner Sight — but it is to me the Essence of the All-being, established, conserved, expressed by any term which can be construed as eternal — as the substance of enduring

Love. As I gather my thought from moment to moment my conviction is deepened and strengthened, and more consciously sustained. I have, therefore, a more and more intelligent knowledge of how "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." There is consequently less and less of the sight of things as in a mirror darkly. I better know that there are no limitations devised by Spirit either within or around me, while the limitations of fleshly things, of materialism, appear less and less contracting, less and less positive, in their dealings with me as I approach nearer and still nearer to the comprehension of Truth, Spirit. I understand so far as I express Truth, so far as I allow my real aim to be the acquirement of my spiritual sight, my spiritual Life, how Spirit gives the increase without either enlarging its own field of action, or effecting one iota of change in its manifestation, which we term the creation.

I have learned that the Might of Life is mine only from the natural spiritual discernment; that this Might is that which pervades my thought to renew and invigorate it by inspiring me to a desire only for its possession in the oneness of Spirit with all. I have also learned that the mere weighing and sifting of matters, which are expected to lead to great issues, are useless efforts unless I employ my spiritual sense rather than a material discrimination;

are useless efforts unless I am taking my stand unselfishly so far as any personal self-consideration is concerned. If the work to be done appears for a human soul in torment, my thought must be already so consciously poised as to need no further preparation,—no preparatory diverting of human interests,—before it shall be clean enough to touch the Divine Soul within him who is writhing in apparent dementia.

VI

HOW bitterly cruel are the fancies of humanity! Weary, worn old humanity has dreamed so long of struggling that perhaps it would be kinder to attribute what appears as mental laziness to a depletion of strength from having tried for so long to stand without any positive knowledge of a permanent foundation. Yet one cannot be kind to it without perpetuating it, without entering into its dream one's self. Therefore should one always look to the everlasting foundation of the All-being, even to the Holy Spirit, the Spirit increate, the Life increate of every one. This I know that I must faithfully do, and without posing further than I have mentally, spiritually, achieved. Like the Preacher, I have known the vanity of human strength, but now I must know the heavenly Might in my world of things. The subtleties of logic shall no longer

mislead me. Personal interest shall not crucify me. I will so poise my love that it shall prove an unfailing strength to my nearest friend. To most it will not seem difficult to love one's dearest, but I have learned that the love which will not form a cross for me and mine is the selfsame love which we should as gladly give to all. There is a kind of love which seems spiked on a pivot for its devotee, and this pivot is the underlying anxiety which predestines the object of one's love as a sacrifice. The light of the whole Life is love, nevertheless. A poet sang truly :

“ The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.”

So love should not be expressed as one has known it through a feverish, anguished existence of fear, but, instead, as the Love Whose empire covers one infinitely, carries one blessed, is mantle, and light, and strength, because it includes the whole life of everyone in its boundless conception of Being, and because it can forsake no one, forget no one, since it unites the All-perception of Being in its own concreteness as the Whole Eternal Self of the Universe. Love is begotten of Life, but neither Life nor Love was before the other. Still, merely to say this to

another has no effect upon him for good while the one saying it considers the truth of it as an abstraction, and continues on his way critical concerning himself while hypercritically noting the weaknesses of his fellows.

I know that I should gather the apparently vain things of life into concreteness, and light them with such love that this love shall prove itself the very flame of Heaven, and, so far as I have gone, I have not found this a difficult task but rather a happy manifestation of the Power with which I am naturally endowed with all others, unless I have for an instant allowed the human sense of things to usurp the heavenly sense for me.

The logic of subtleties shall not govern me because I know how quickly one is entrapped by premises with time-sustained conclusions. I am now alluding to the obvious logic of human events : to the subtle extension of personality, and to the unwritten data of the subliminal consciousness, as its dicta pervades the World of Appearances to counterfeit the Power of the true Word. One need not go outside the sensibilities, which appear as his own, to attest from experience to the weakness of that which would coerce him as mind were he not strongly resolved to abide intelligently conserved within the Eternal Verity of Life. Surely one cannot give living Truth to another unless one give it consciously alive from one's self.

I have learned that I must always say, *I know*, positively, even if my positiveness challenges derision. Emerson wrote,

“Man is timid and apologetic ; he is no longer upright ; he dares not say, ‘I think,’ ‘I am,’ but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones ; they are for what they are ; they exist with God to-day.”

Do you know this interpretation of an Arabian proverb, “Men are Four”?

“The man who knows that he knows not aught —
He is a fool ; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
He is but simple ; take thou him and teach him.
But whoso knowing, knows not that he knows —
He is asleep ; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows —
Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him.”

I know that the Light which is increate can never go out ; and that this Light may also be termed the Life, the Power, the Sight, the Hearing, the Feeling. Yet, however this Light may be termed, I am perfectly sure that it is now, and will be eternally, in me, and that it can be useful to me only from my absolute certainty of its Presence ever glowing within me.

THE SENTIENCY OF ATMOSPHERE

IS there any one so unhappily self-involved that he has not felt the atmospheric charm of blending tree and grass and shrub with the shimmering sky overhead, on a June day, and his soul succumbing to the gentle thrall of a sylvan will which drew him almost to the point of surrender? With the sunlight percolating through spreading branches and glistening on grass and leaf of shrub and tree, has there not been felt the spell of something without eyes, without ears, without speech, which wooed one to an absorption of his sense, his life, his very soul into sylvan being, into the vegetating compass of existence? Even the odors appeared to absorb one, and to deepen the enchantment of one's senses. This atmosphere was so absorbingly apparent, although invisible as a unit, as to remove every doubt one had perhaps hitherto entertained concerning its sensibility, and as to efface entirely one's previous belief in an insensate form of creation. Near by a river was singing its happy love-song as it went fluently its own beloved way, tenderly aware of its union with the mighty ocean whereunto it returned the water gathered from the heavens, water which was again to be its own circulating stream of sing-

ing love. And with this river all-nature was singing its lullaby of apparent content, a strain of tenderness which soothed one into passivity, into that submission of the senses which left one unconcerned as to the momentum of things in his life, and, while the spell lasted, left him without the consciousness of purpose, or of any need of any individual decision. The irresistible witchery of a subtle atmospheric environment, languorous yet appealing, thus seemed to hold one's faculties captive to a sensuousness devoid of every quality of passion. During the moment of self-abandonment, one was not conscious of any personal interest active enough to urge his will to a single selfish effort. His energy seemed dormant, or else to have been dissipated when he yielded to the sweet dominion of what was to him some immaterial anodyne, amorphous in its nature. The hum of the insects blended, a monotone, in his ear, and the sweet trilling of the birds, as they flitted from branch to branch and on to tree-top, all added to the harmonious effect.

But every season of enchantment has its intellectual limitations. The earth, like the angel, looks to the east, while the shadows lengthen before the sun's farewell. Either the more stirring qualities of the human will, or else the tender interests of that which should be accounted all-divine, recall one's thought from its sylvan temptation to what to him must prove soulful activities, although he may have

learned from the extent of his yielding that there is a soul-power in every living thing, and although he may have heard only what he construes as its mystical teaching of the blessedness of universal content.

That, surely, is the wiser way of interpreting that nature which spreads itself as all out-doors. For all, obviously, do not succeed in fully arousing themselves, or else perhaps the woodland spirit entranced the child before the mother consciousness had offered it to the sunlight. In the country one is frequently reminded of the mythical fatherhood of gods. The spell of the land is upon some; the spell of the sea upon others. The vastness of the sea overflows itself through tidal rivers, and so through river and sea it woos men to a more intimate knowledge of its depths, until, noting all that, one is inclined to regard all previous legends concerning tributary streams as void, and to substitute some individual discovery anent the Ocean's sending forth these streams as emissaries to subjugate the will of man — to make him the Ocean's thrall — thereby to leave him only partially active. Only the contiguous land seems to hold some to a sanity which prevents an attempted confluence of man-soul with sea-soul. The sea urges; the land restrains. But the man — spell-bound — is uncertain within which is the soul's hiding-place.

Wherever one goes one can note both the tem-

porary reveling and a phase of thralldom in an extended nature's devotees. They are few who have not felt the charm. From some hill-crest one looks forth upon a world of unutterable moment. "All this is thine ; come take it," is the alluring invitation. There is an air of tempting mystery pervading this cosmic offering. Everything seems borne by invisible wings ; wherefore the wings of the morn-ing could bear one none too quickly into the heart of this gift. What is it that he shall take?

He is instantly reminded of the Spirit of the hosts. Here is the Essence of the Everlasting revealing its embodiment to his heart. He looks upon far more than his physical sight can satisfactorily explain. The statement of the eternal Will he feels to be his centralizing Nature, and all else as the Unit of its exposition. Then all this is really his so that he can possess it ! Is his inner sight the power thus moving through his vision for an effect not miraculous but always self-sustained ? Is his true insight the Power — the real Power — of Life ? If so, then the transfiguration of the panoramic vision does not depend upon anything humanly obvious or subtle for some scientific climax, for it comes as the inner revelation of Spirit's inviolable Nature shining ever as the Light of all that hath been made.

But try to express something of this conviction audibly to another who has looked all his life from some mountain village upon such familiar yet un-

familiar scenes as this, and he will sagely nod his acquiescence. His feeling responds to your statement, but his soul can express itself only silently. Laboring with a discrete mood, one's own animus seems more indefinite. Then, "All this will I give thee," bribes the tempter, while one, doubting, notes no tangible results.

There is a solemnity of feeling, a hushed reverence, wrought in one by the simple atmosphere, whenever it is regarded for its own sake. The sun may be shining on fields unclothed with summer's verdure: the symbolic interpretation of Life, as the son of man views it, may have rotated to that point which bespeaks the final dissolution of that to which it had given birth consciously; yet here his thought adverts to aboriginal nature as it reveals itself either through some pervading sensuousness, or through the true inner Nature as one withdraws his attention from the haunts of men, from their struggles, and, therefore, from the vanity and vacuity and barrenness which has seemed to obsess his mentality. Within him is the Treasure of Life, yet scarcely revealed through his impermanent sense of vision, although ever ready to be expended through his intelligence, through his love, through his entire being, if he will only accept for his constant Mind that which contains the real Thought-treasure.

The lonely mountaineer, having dreamed of a communion or communed with a dream, but having

felt through all his bewilderment of fancy that something which makes Life desirable, that something which he knows cannot die, asks that the forsaken body may have its guardian grave as near as possible to the place where the closed eyes first opened. Yet underlying all feeling is his soul's desire for Heaven's embracing love.

In what appears Nature's solitude, the one who is truly attuned to real Nature hears the Voice offering everything that is necessary to Being if one is only ready to renounce all that is unnecessary. Nevertheless, one learns that not solely in seclusion, away from the haunts of men, is he to secure the Treasure of his soul. Over hill and valley, quicker than the sight of a bird on the wing, beyond the tree line of a wide area, it is revealed to him that he should bear some message to man that shall illumine his thought, that shall lessen the sense of personal enthrallment, and thereby quicken in man his consciously happy self-possession. "Let me go to redeem my Treasure," is the heart's appeal. It is like unto the response of old, "Here am I; send me!"

The congregation of some wooded hilltop has perhaps proved itself ably imaging the angelic ministry of Christ. The body has not so much shown itself as has the Soul, yet something has embodied itself in one's heart which asks for expression, and will not be denied. "Go forth! Return!" is the com-

mand unuttered except as one's soul speaks within itself in its communion with the living things in the spiritually natural way, conscious of the heavenly legions sustaining it — of the Spirit sustaining the legions. For an inspiring communion has it been, and so it shall continue.

“ For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace ;
The mountains and hills shall break forth before you into
singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands ! ”

Truly the Voice, irresistible when heard, will greet one with its heavenly discourse all the way. And the Way leads through the Field wherein the heavenly Treasure was lost and is found, this Treasure to be redeemed by an understanding of the Power which keeps it concrete, that Power which is the Soul's understanding of itself. So it is not as hitherto a casual glimpse, and then a search for more light so that the Way may be easier ; for although there had been a genuine pursuit for an acknowledged Treasure, yet in order to obtain it by means of such intermittent efforts, one has had not only to earn its price, but, while doing that, has no doubt paid the price of error also many times over — through many phases of consciousness, and through many misconceptions of birth and being.

But now one has received Heaven's message pos-

itively, the message which strengthens the feeble pulse, which gladdens the sad heart, and which restores the wavering judgment to an uprightness and decision which are a guaranty for efforts having invaluable results. Beautiful, indeed, are the feet of him who continues to bring good tidings of good, and to publish that peace which is the salvation of one's sanity, and so of one's usefulness, working as it does now through the rejoicing of one's soul.

That here, enshrined within his thought, is the Treasure of Conscious Divinity, those who can read the signs of such blessedness are absolutely aware. The Treasure is consciously his by right of purchase, or else he is earning its price by service. Whichever this may be, to the one whose sight is centred in some point illumined for him, the messenger holds the balance of Power within himself because of his poise of thought by rightness of desire. Not that a little has satisfied one; to possess All is the spiritual aim, and so to possess it now by not denying its Presence. And this All — what is it like? It is surely the Soul's heavenly expression in man inspired by the infinite Intelligence — the sole Way of Life, one has learned. It is the Way given before there was a firmament, before the stars gleamed and twinkled, and before the suns shed independent rays of their own. It was the Way when the Light was a Unit, and there was no rebellious man. And it was the Way before

the heart of man assumed a great grudge, because of grudging its universal service of love, and before it beat with a consciousness of judgment's severity instead of with the tranquility of heavenly Peace — Wisdom.

The bearer of good tidings has an atmosphere of his own, firm, inviting, tender, radiating from that Light "which never was on land or sea," or in the sky except as one's unfailing remembrance of it receives its Atmosphere from every hill and valley, from the sea and from every little stream, from the things of earth, and air, and sea; except as one hears the Voice, inaudible to human sense, speaking through the eternal Nature of everything, and feels everything responding to this Voice. This Atmosphere, however, is one which weaves no spells, does not enthrall the senses through a vegetable drowsiness, or beguile them into a delirium of animal spirits. It leaves the sense of man free for action, but free only through expression. Its radiation clarifies the sight. Every prophecy of good things to come when the things of the human will shall have ceased their complaining, lamenting, suffering, in death, is merely a promise, and nothing more. The true Atmosphere reveals Good at hand, immediate — one has only to rejoice and be gloriously glad. The dreary task of working out one's salvation from ages past, through a burdened present, and on through ages to come, is not divinely exacted

of us. For the imagery of the Soul from its increate constancy is alive within the heart of man, fulfilling itself now as Heaven's Own Nature in everything. Let the heart, therefore, sing now its new, ever new, song of glorified gladness. Let everywhere the Golden Child, the Christ Child, manifest itself as the universal image in all that is visible. Moreover, *let* all be visible. Let each one see his own nature enshrined in all Nature, and thus see his own completeness in the Wholeness of the Universal.

He who can hear the message revealing God's absolute love, can love all others also with this love. It is in this way that his own heart shall continue its song with the Infinite. And it is in this way that one shall *feel* his listening ear glorifying the imagery of Heaven because its imagery glorifies his whole Being. Did God in the beginning say, "I will create man in mine own image"? Certainly no amount of human self-esteem would grant man so much honor. But within man's heart, although man adjudges himself prone to err, and, for this reason, is frequently inclined to commit himself to the clemency of an upright Heaven, there is something, call it Spirit, call it Atmosphere, call it whatsoever one will, which is ever calling him to the perfect Way of Life, the Way which he feels, could he but find it, would give him ease, and an active useful peace. Moreover, were one to analyze his opinions

closely, he would doubtless say that it must be through the extinction of many wrong desires that his way shall open to perfection.

One, nevertheless, perhaps continues to submit weakly to the foolish habits of what he tritely terms an earthly pilgrimage, affirming that he is bound to many of them because they were inherited, while his infinite inheritance of the divine imagery, in which he professes to believe, seems to have been lost through descent — remoteness — some ancestor perhaps having dissipated it. But the most foolish habit of all seems to be that of paying so much respect to the inevitableness of the human will-power,— of so readily yielding to weakness. The tendency to supineness of the human will makes a wretched foundation upon which to build; but, fortunately for God's man, it is not the basis of his being. All pretence vanishes as one communes with Truth. For one's own sake, one lets the Light shine clearly through him, and, thus shining, the Treasure is revealed pure and holy. Hereafter it shall be his care and delight to possess it. But one has never seen it, has never known it, until he sees and realizes that it fills the whole world; is as much all others as his own. He may dream that he has counterfeited it, but he is wide awake when he really sees it. Hidden it may seem to be, but of a certainty he knows now that it is as the Christ hid in God — as Spirit is the In-visible of its Universe.

Henceforth he will try with every act of his life to reveal it. During this moment of Life will he be steadfast, and trustful, and trustworthy. If one really lives in the only moment belonging to him, then he can surely be strong and interdependent. A radiation, strong in government, potent in direction, carries one on to the true self-revelment, whenever he is ready for it. And this self-revelment decides the moment for one. Not in it will one yield to folly, to inertia, to a quibbling argument concerning what may possibly be good or bad for one. One could, apparently, expend himself in rejecting the undesirable — which will not stay denied while its creation is being acknowledged by its rejection.

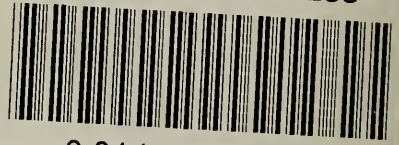
Yet right here, on what perhaps seems a mountaintop, from which Satan also, perhaps, seems to dazzle with a promise of glory, is Power proclaiming itself increate, and as the increate Life of every one, to be to one, therefore, that which renders him invincible because of his being conscious only of this Power which is natural to him.

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